JOHN BULL, week ending March 20, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1918

3D EVERY THURSDAY

BLUNT FACTS ABOUT WAGES By The EDITOR

PRIZES VALUE OVER £450 see page 15

THIS PLOT IS DANGEROUS! By A.G.G.

K for Kitty . . .

K for Kitty—Mother's name—
R for Robert
There they go, airborne over the dear old fields of England . . .
now dim in the dusk—out over the North Sea a restless darkness beneath.
Towards the enemy . . .
Weather worsens—thick cloud, rain like a wall.
Lightning—on to Germany . . . and the target.
Here we are . . . Searchlights swinging, flak, tracer—it's thick;
First run over the target. Back over. Here we go.
Bombs gone! Fires . . . explosions.
We're hitting 'em—hard.
Now for home. Look out—Night Fighter!
Watch. Here he is.
B-r-r-r-r-r . . . *Got him!*

* * *

Intercom. smashed, hole in the port wing.
Black North Sea below.
Losing height . . . There are the landing flares!
R for Robert
K for Kitty
Home!

* * * * * *

If only we realised what we owe to these men who go out on perilous journeys—for us. We praise them. Is that enough? We make munitions for them. Is that enough? We save. What of it? However much we lend, we'll never pay all they give . . . But we can at least try . . . Are you sure that you are saving ENOUGH?

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

DON'T WASTE INTERNAL 'FUEL'

Proper nourishment is not merely a matter of how much you eat, or even *what* you eat. It depends on your ability to get out of your meals every ounce of Strength and Energy they can give you. The action of *Yeast* on other food components, coupled with its marked tonic effect on the digestive system, does this and so prevents waste of valuable internal 'fuel.' *Yestamin is pure Vitamin Yeast*—highly concentrated—each tablet a veritable mine of the vital Vitamin B, of which Yeast is the richest source known to Science. Yestamin, taken at meal times, will give you Strong Nerves and a Steady Stomach, banish Depression and Fatigue, build up a stout and growing resistance to common ailments and so defy the Winter. Start on Yestamin NOW—it is *entirely free from drugs* and costs only a penny a day.

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VITAMIN
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More than a Breakfast Food
EIGHT BIS. 2 POINTS 7½P
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 9½P

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

WX 21

A QUARTER OF EVERY CONTRIBUTION GOES TO HELP RUSSIA

A quarter of the weekly pennies subscribed to the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund goes to help Russia. Your pennies are helping to bind Russian wounds, to ease Russian suffering. Will *you* give an *extra* penny a week and help the Red Cross & St. John to continue its humane work? Your pennies help our own wounded, sick and prisoners, and send the increased medical aid the gallant Russians so sorely need. An *extra* penny *every* week will do so much.

Give an extra penny to the RED CROSS

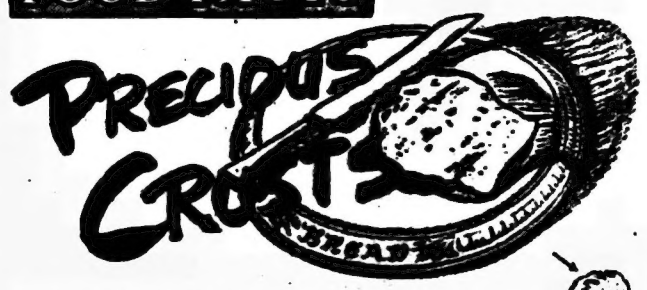
PENNY-A-WEEK FUND

Red Cross & St. John Fund, registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your Andrews

8 ozs. 1/10½, including purchase tax.

FOOD FACTS



Half a slice of bread weighs about half an ounce. If 32 people (8 families of four) each waste this amount each day, a whole one-pound loaf is wasted. If everyone in a small town of 12,000 people wastes half a slice each day, that's equal to a sack of flour wasted. If everyone in the country wastes half a slice each day, that's equal to a whole shipload of wheat every 12 days—30 ships a year—A WHOLE CONVOY!

Ways of using up stale bread

Making Rusks. Cut bread into neat fingers or fancy shapes about ½ in. thick. Bake in a warm oven until crisp and golden brown. Keep in an airtight tin.

Dicing. Cut bread into very small dice not more than ½ in. thick. Bake as for rusks. Use instead of breakfast cereal.

Soaking and Beating. Soak stale bread in cold water till soft, squeeze thoroughly and beat with a fork to remove large lumps. Use to replace flour in savouries, puddings and stuffings.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

(28) THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 19

JOHN

Thursday, for week ending S
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Tel

"Come the three corners of
And we shall shock them;
If England to itself do res

Straight from the Shoulder

TIME

WHAT little remains of this month will be critical. It will reveal strength and weaknesses on both sides.

The North Africa campaign, a drag in the hands of the clock, is now another month behind schedule.

But it remains to be seen whether the enemy's "sacrificial" fighting in Tunisia will materially delay our great attack in the West.

Implacable Enemy

That time is still our enemy was proved by the Russian retreat last week from eight towns in the South.

Thaw and poor communications halted the Soviet offensive. The enemy, with his better communications, seized the chance to counter-attack.

In the next few weeks, the thaw will spread northwards, where our allies have been doing so well.

Costly Delay

The sphere of enemy counter-attack may therefore spread northwards—in an effort to disorganise Soviet preparations for an even mightier offensive in the spring.

This possibility clearly strengthens the case for early Allied action in the West.

Waiting for Us

The enemy expects us to strike.

It is already campaigning weather over a great part of Europe. It is becoming more and more difficult to repress the burning impatience of the enslaved peoples, and who can wonder at that?

War from Within

In France and the Balkans, in Norway and Belgium, guerillas are shooting and stabbing their oppressors, mining bridges and destroying factories.

But if we have to wait much longer before coming to their aid, they may be goaded to a premature and costly uprising—or, on the contrary, sink into pathetic despair.

Present for Hitler

Meanwhile, tens of thousands of their young men are being moved to "safety" to work in Germany.

FREE INSURA
FIRE WAT

"John Bull" offers a Free Insu
Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attac
to Fire Watchers, Police, N.F.S., Wa
every civilian reader.

This Policy covers husband and
death and injury as defined caused
or Home Defence Forces anywhere

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 20, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

LESS FOOD

● **Food reserves are lower than expected.**

Not because of the exigencies of war. But because of the Black Market.

The stocks so carefully accumulated are being plundered. Fresh stocks, worth tens of thousands of pounds, bought by the Ministry of Food with public money, never arrive at the reserve stores.

They are instead sold back to an unscrupulous minority of the public at exorbitant prices.

There seems little doubt that some lorry-drivers, loaders and despatch clerks are in the Black Market's pay.

More detectives are being engaged by the authorities concerned; new methods are being employed to catch the rats in the nation's larder.

But the remedy is not entirely a matter of police action.

Judges and magistrates should be far more severe with those food thieves who are captured. Exemplary sentences are not only merited in this type of crime, but would probably prove a useful deterrent to the offenders still undetected.

Straight from the Shoulder

TIME TO HURRY

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And the Nazis are working like beavers to strengthen Europe's coastal defences and to equip those big new armies that they have been training so busily all the winter.

Eager to Go

Not only the gallant fighters of the Occupied Countries are impatient.

So are our own fighting men, though they know that the invasion of a Continent will mean desperate fighting.

Casualties must indeed be heavy—even allowing for the fact that the R.A.F. will provide the greatest air umbrella ever opened.

Six to One

Look at Tunisia to see what air power can do.

The enemy is losing six planes to our one. His troops suffered heavily in their Mareth Line attack; our losses were "negligible."

Our task in Africa has therefore been lightened; but it may not be necessary to wait for its completion before taking the offensive elsewhere.

Atlantic Attack

We are swinging over to the offensive in the Atlantic—here, again, thanks to air power.

Germany admits we are using new methods which are worrying her U-boats. One of those methods will be the helicopter—an aeroplane that can hover over the mid-Atlantic area beyond the range of ordinary fighters and bombers.

Its use was suggested in these columns months ago.

Bigger Bombing

The German homeland is feeling the blows of air power as never before.

Bomber Command has become a weapon of terrible destruction. Without sharing the distasteful exultation of some jazz songs and music-hall sketches, we can now feel that the R.A.F. is cutting a path through Germany for our armies.

Havoc

Read again Sir Archibald Sinclair's statement on the results of our bombing. Realise the havoc wrought to the enemy's war plants. Imagine the dislocation to his transport. Visualise the drain on the German defence services!

And let us resolve that the R.A.F.'s strength shall become still greater.

On Guard

Clearly, the bulk of German air strength in Western Europe is being held in reserve against invasion. Most of it would then be required to brave the R.A.F. fighters and attack our advance forces and their lines of supply.

But part of it might well be detached to resume night bombing on our big towns, for those towns will be on the Army's supply lines.

Best to Prepare

We know the enemy has new bombers that can carry heavy loads. We may suspect that he has been trying to compete with our perfection of heavier bombs.

We should prepare accordingly.

They Were Right

It is noteworthy that the Japanese have just made their heaviest air attack of the war—against the Allies' air base in New Guinea.

Thus they have justified the warnings of Gen. MacArthur and Mr. Curtin concerning the Pacific air situation. They have also stressed the point often made in these columns—that Japan will not wait tamely for us to build up air superiority in the Pacific.

New Command

The appointment of an Air Transport Command emphasises the all-important part that the aeroplane will hold in world reconstruction when war is done.

A wise appointment. A first step towards the internationalisation of civil aviation. A further move towards collaboration between the nations and away from cut-throat competition.

But more must be done—and quickly.

Mr. Wallace Again

How much more has been admirably expressed by Mr. Wallace, who grows in statesmanlike stature with every speech he makes.

It was he, the only vice-president of the U.S.A. who has not been a nonentity, who declared that the end of this war must begin "a century of the common man."

It is he who now declares that his country aims at co-operation, not isolation, so that the common man throughout the world shall enjoy peace and prosperous progress.

Warm Welcome

His speech has done more than any other statement to get the question of post-war reconstruction discussed—and to deepen the hopes of war-weary mankind.

His plea that the United Nations should begin at once to plan for peace has been convincingly answered by Mr. Eden.

At least we can say that a start is being made.

In Blinkers

There are still some people who say, "Let's get the war over first before we start thinking of the peace."

They are people with mental blinkers, unable to see anything that is not under their noses.

Triumph or Ruin!

We all share their desire to "get on with the fighting and get the war triumphantly over."

But they do not see how empty would be our triumph unless we were ready for peace. A mere military victory, accompanied by economic ruin, closed factories, starvation and unemployment.

A triumph that would lead to fresh wars!

Unless—

"Unless the Western democracies and Russia can come to a satisfactory understanding before the war ends" Henry Wallace warns, "I very much fear that World War No. 3 will be inevitable."

To quote Mr. Eden: "Four Great Powers will have a virtual monopoly of armed strength when the war ends." They will also have a virtual monopoly of economic strength.

Double Task

How shall they use this doubled strength? Not for their own selfish ends. That way danger lies even for themselves.

Isolationism did not save the U.S.A. from war. Not even Russia could find safety in the "self-sufficiency" to which the folly of the Western democracies drove her.

We must co-operate or perish.

Rebuilding Britain

We must have a common understanding and economic freedom between the nations before we can translate into deeds our hopes of building a healthier and happier Britain.

Not merely the future of this war, but the future of all mankind, will depend on how quickly the discussions now taking place will develop into agreement.

Into Action

And so we are at the beginning of momentous weeks.

We, the people, shall expect momentous results both in military operations and political decisions.

Our leaders should note that the public patience is not inexhaustible.

(Continued overleaf)

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STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

OLD-AGE pensions are to be increased soon—earlier than Sir William Beveridge recommended.

Mr. Dalton has said so. As a Minister, he presumably weighed his words before speaking.

That makes the news both good and bad.

Great Minority

Not that he always weighs his words.

Asked about an Order which allows his inspectors to visit business premises, he assured M.P.s the other day that "these visits are welcomed in the great majority of cases."

Pinned down, he admitted that only one such visit had been made. And it certainly wasn't welcomed by the trader.

No Retirement

However, Mr. Dalton's pension news must be taken as a considered Government statement. He adds that the pension will not only be raised, but "stabilised."

Which means there will be no more rises to the "retirement pension" level advocated by Sir William.

Sips of Beveridge

Thus the nation's first impressions are confirmed. We are to have only bits of the Beveridge Plan.

Thus, too, Sir William's chagrin. "My plan," he says, "takes as its aim the abolition of Want. The Government . . . abandons that aim."

School Changes

At any rate, the aim is postponed. Chief business before Parliament this year will be the Education Bill, which is now almost ready.

School reform is overdue by years—as JOHN BULL has been saying for years.

But the danger is that the Government may feel it is meeting the nation's demand for comprehensive social reform if it gives us piecemeal reform such as the Education Bill, a few sips of Beveridge, and Mr. Bevin's Catering Bill.

Behind the Scenes

However, many M.P.s are campaigning for the whole Beveridge Plan and will be content with nothing less. The Minister of Health is meeting doctors to hammer out the Plan's proposal for a national health service. Mr. G. D. H. Cole has formed a non-Party committee to agitate for the Plan.

So hope is not dead, even though the Diehards may seem to be getting their own way.

Strong Arm

How many "modifications" are made to the Catering Bill, which will be passed before Easter, will show how strong the Diehards and vested interests really are.

When the tide of war was against us, they kept quiet. In the last year they have thought it safe to demand their private "rights."

Sold Out

After the last war had ended, they persuaded the Government to denationalise shipping. A great fuss was caused.

In the midst of this war, they have extracted a promise that the merchant ships being built for war purposes will be handed over to them when peace comes. There is no fuss this time.

Coming Battle

But a big fuss is coming over the proposal to amalgamate London's seventy-five electricity companies.

At the moment, current is cheap on one side of many a street, dear on the other side. Voltages and sizes of equipment vary just as madly.

The new idea is to provide cheap current for all, standardise electrical apparatus.

Muddle or Progress!

Some vested interests won't hear of it. "Hands off the private company!" they warn.

To them, muddle means higher profits.

Time to Think

There will be profitless muddle unless Mr. Hudson starts to plan now for an event that may seem far ahead—the harvest.

There was muddle last year. Crops rotted on the ground—because of lack of labour to fetch them in.

Schoolchildren were given a holiday to help the farmers. But of 750 youths in one grammar school, only thirty-one helped. The rest just wasted their special leave.

● **Houseowners who gave up their front gates and railings to make munitions have a shock coming to them.**

Many will find that rich landowners can cash-in on their sacrifice.

This is the position:

Anyone who owns a leasehold house (maybe a working man who has striven hard to buy it on mortgage) is not the owner of the railings. They belong to the ground landlord!

In Cardiff, leaseholders applying to the City Engineer for the scrap price of the metal have already been told they are not entitled to claim.

As 90 per cent. of houses in Cardiff and some other cities are held on lease, the already-rich landowners should be able to claim quite a nice sum.

Which is just one of the reasons why, in post-war Britain, the fantastic leasehold system should be abolished.

Organise

This year's harvest will be even bigger. And labour will be scarcer.

Hence the need to prepare well in advance. Youth must be encouraged to play its full part—not regimented, but organised for the job.

On the Spot

Good organisation is the provision of cheap dental treatment for the workers of all the big Royal Ordnance factories.

The dentist will call at the factory to save the workers' time—and the workers will be paid for the time they spend at his clinic.

Not Fair

Much worse off for "welfare" services are our firemen. They are conscripted for the N.F.S. instead of the Armed Forces; many of them are sent to distant parts of the country.

When they get a day's leave, they just have to tramp round a strange town, unable to use the voluntary service canteens open to the Armed Forces.

No, it isn't fair. But Mr. Morrison can't make the Armed Forces chiefs see it.

Paid Off

Belfast trade union chiefs can't see the point of Mr. Bevin's statement that dilution of labour would help Ulster's war production.

Because, you see, great numbers of "diluted" workers in Belfast are being paid off. There's no work for them to do!

Travel Hint

Indeed, thousands of skilled men in the area are without constant work. As much as 4,000 hours of waiting time in less than a week have been recorded.

Bad management is said to be the trouble. So if Mr. Lyttelton, Minister of Production, feels like another little business tour, he should go to Northern Ireland.

Sent Abroad!

Mr. Lyttelton should also be able to tell us whether we are still sending railway locomotives to Spain.

We have urgent need of engines to transport our own war material, and we have not yet heard that Spain has ceased using its engines to send war material to Germany.

Midnight Walk

But we're not sorry to hear that so[me] of the Mayor of Edmonton's guests [had] to walk home at midnight recen[tly]. They attended his annual reception [at] a local hotel, and the council car p[ro]vided for their transport disappea[red] from a local car-park.

Even council cars should be used o[nly] for essential business nowadays.

Dancing Petrol

Again, we notice that tickets issued [for] the opening of a camp canteen in [the] Home Counties offered a dance, cab[s] and transport.

Motor coaches use a lot of petrol.

Step Them Back

Food will be wasted by the placing [of] marking pylons around an aerodrome [in] the South-West, because many of th[em] are set in rich wheatfields.

Most of them need be moved only [a] a dozen yards to convenient hedgero[ws].

It's a War Material

Then an East Anglian council co[m]plains that at a Government establi[sh]ment in its area 200 bags of cement w[ere] spoiled by being left uncovered.

To add to the waste, men were p[aid] double time on Sunday to dump the [bags] into a pond!

Fake Notes

Odder still is the latest form of N[azi] propaganda, an example of which h[as] reached our offices.

It's a clever imitation of a British [£] pound note. On the back, in Arabic, [is] a suggestion that the value of Brit[ish] currency has slumped and that t[he] British Empire itself will soon fade aw[ay] like the Gold Standard.

The notes are dropped over Cairo a[nd] Alexandria by German 'planes. B[ut] they're too harmless for the Egyptia[ns] to mind.

Same Old Story

Ship managers haven't changed th[eir] spots.

A famous liner put into a Scottish p[ort]. The crew was given leave—two perio[ds] of five days.

As most of the crew live down Sou[th], they spent much of the time in tra[v]elling. And so, knowing their ship wo[uld] be laid up for a considerable time, th[ey] applied for extra leave. It was refus[ed].

Empty Ship

With the result that the men ha[d] spent twenty-seven days in an em[pty] ship when they could have been hom[e].

It seems a poor reward for risking th[eir] lives to bring food to ship managers a[nd] the rest of the public.

Too High

Nineteen people are killed every d[ay] on the roads. The latest figures, thou[gh] an improvement on last year's, do n[ot] show the improvement that might ha[ve] been expected with the virtual end [of] private traffic.

Indeed, they are much higher than [in] peace time.

Safety Roads

The black-out is only partly responsi[ble]. Apart from individual carelessness, t[he] main cause must be sought in the ro[ads] themselves.

And the Government has said nothi[ng] of the need to reconstruct our roads [on] safety-first principles after the war. [We] may possibly be working in silence on t[he] plans—but nineteen deaths a day sure[ly] justify some official promise of action.

Behind the News

● **Many Nazi staff officers have been appointed to active command, leaving the staff posts to inexperienced young men.**

● *High staff officers left in the Berlin War Ministry, moreover, refuse to comment on Hitler's decisions on strategy. Result: many avoidable mistakes have been made.*

● **Their "passive resistance" is the outcome of Goering's public insults to the General Staff last year.**

● **Trouble in Paris, Prague, and Vienna factories is tying down thousands of sorely needed machine-guns and gun crews.**

● *Japan is seeking quislings to help deal with native populations when Allied counter-attacks in the Far East take on bigger proportions.*

● **Mussolini heads a list of Nazi-Fascist leaders, nominally Catholic, who propose to demand sanctuary in the Vatican to escape Allied justice.**

● **Giant Russian bombers just coming into service from secret factories beyond the Urals have surprised Allies—and the *Luftwaffe*.**

● *Margarine rations are being reduced throughout Europe to help make up Axis shortage of lubricants.*

● **Ley has reported that unless another 5,000,000 foreign workers can be forced into Germany there is no chance of competing with Allied output.**

● **He has also warned that the aliens in Germany would then exceed German civilian man-power which is now over or under military age.**

● *Nazis allege that Allied parachutists are being regularly landed in Europe, and admit failure to round them up.*

BLUN

MAJORITY opinion a[mong] ployers is clear[ly] return to a low w[age]

The country [as a] view that all worke[rs] sufficient *minimum* t[o] cent standard of living [for] are.

Responsible Labour le[aders] ght not—to be satisfied wi[th]

And it is to their credit t[hat], ns, they have not asked fo[r]

They will not countena[nce] ld the community to r[ob] gent requirements of war [by]

Many people do not [know]

make false comparisons be[tween]

Service pay, and they are [apt]

earnings of the few in[to]

Labour generally is reapin[g]

This is not the case. [Since] *basic wages during the p[ast]* *been only 24 per cent., bu[t]* *has gone up 28 per cent. s[ince]*

The truth is that labour[ers] ve seldom caused any ser[ious] ction and have usually [shown] mirable spirit of give-and

Engineers and railwaym[en] rther increases at the pre[sent]

But there is no threat [to] e National Arbitration Tr[ibunal] rk out a fair compromise.

Without arguing in favo[ur] ll states as a fact that t[his] untry a great many work[ers] em no margin of comfort.

Take the railwaymen:

which the N.U.R. is askin[g]

week is earning no more t[han]

Again: the basic wage [of] orkers is 46s., though tot[al] s. 6d. That may not mea[n] ng way from affluence.

SHIPYARD workers, too, [are] "coining money" in [the] work. Shop stewards [and] bourers are among the wo[rst] 70s. 6d. a week from all s[ources]

In many other industri[es] e earning no more than e[ight] eds.

It is true that here and [there] orkers in war industry are [well] d that some youngsters a[re] an is good for them."

But there is no founda[tion] cusation of "profiteerin[g]" orker, who is doing a m[an]'s ace of employment and, [in] tting in a lot of unpaid "[overtime]" Home Guard duty.

So much for that. W[hat] laim for wage increases m[ust] nd women who have no[t] decent standard of living [to] are" which is the worker'[s]

On the other hand, the [cost] e maintained, for rising w[ages] prices should rise faster [than]

There's the cost o[f]

instance. Prices could [be]

controlled if the waste [were]

eliminated.

And it is a factor whi[ch] ealt with. Some saving [is] uch more can be done if [we] solutely.

Nevertheless, the Gove[rn] reat deal to peg the cost [of] nflation, and, above all, to

BLUNT FACTS ABOUT WAGES

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

MAJORITY opinion among British employers is clearly set against a return to a low wages policy.

The country as a whole accepts the view that all workers should be paid sufficient *minimum* to ensure them a decent standard of living with something to spare.

Responsible Labour leaders will not—*and ought not*—to be satisfied with less than this.

And it is to their credit that, with rare exceptions, they have not asked for more.

They will not countenance any attempt to hold the community to ransom through the urgent requirements of war production.

Many people do not realise this. They make false comparisons between civilian and Service pay, and they are misled by the high earnings of the few into the belief that Labour generally is reaping a golden harvest.

This is not the case. The rise in average basic wages during the past four years has been only 24 per cent., but the cost of living has gone up 28 per cent. since the war began.

The truth is that labour disputes in this war have seldom caused any serious hold-up of production and have usually been settled in an admirable spirit of give-and-take.

Engineers and railwaymen are applying for further increases at the present time.

But there is no threat of strike action, and the National Arbitration Tribunal will probably work out a fair compromise.

Without arguing in favour of either side, JOHN BULL states as a fact that there are still in this country a great many workers whose pay leaves them no margin of comfort.

Take the railwaymen: Half the staff for which the N.U.R. is asking an extra 10s. a week is earning no more than 63s. 6d. now.

Again: the basic wage of engineering time workers is 46s., though total earnings run into 63s. 6d. That may not mean poverty, but it is a long way from affluence.

SHIPYARD workers, too, are not all of them "coining money" in these days of hard work. Shop stewards contend that their labourers are among the worst paid in the land at 70s. 6d. a week from all sources.

In many other industries the lower grades are earning no more than enough for their bare needs.

It is true that here and there certain piece-workers in war industry are "making big money" and that some youngsters are being paid "more than is good for them."

But there is no foundation for any general accusation of "profiteering" by the British worker, who is doing a magnificent job at his place of employment and, more often than not, putting in a lot of unpaid "overtime" on A.R.P. or Home Guard duty.

So much for that. We shall support every claim for wage increases made on behalf of men and women who have *not* yet attained that "decent standard of living with something to spare" which is the worker's right.

On the other hand, the value of money must be maintained, for rising wages would be useless if prices should rise faster still.

There's the cost of distribution, for instance. Prices could be more effectively controlled if the waste still going on is eliminated.

And it is a factor which could so easily be dealt with. Some saving has been made, but much more can be done if the matter is tackled resolutely.

Nevertheless, the Government has done a great deal to peg the cost of living; to avoid inflation, and, above all, to restrict spending.

With or without subsidies, Lord Woolton has kept the price of food wonderfully steady.

The Board of Trade and the Ministry of Supply and other Departments have restricted the supply of consumer goods by quotas and rationing, and the War Savings Campaign has diverted immense sums from personal spending to national service.

In this connection the Wings for Victory Week has touched a new high record.

The one danger about this kind of special "week" is that it may whip up public enthusiasm *for one week only.*

That is not enough. Savings must be maintained at a high level every week and all the year round.

And here we reach the very core of the wages problem: how are we to make sure that the bulk of present and future pay increases will be lent to the State at least for the duration?

Except in the case of workers who have hitherto gone short of even reasonable comforts, it is essential to the country that bigger saving should go with higher wages.

There are several things which the Government could do to make saving more attractive and spending more difficult.

It lost a great opportunity by its attitude to the Beveridge Report, for nothing could have been a greater inducement to national thrift than the unqualified acceptance of the principle of Social Security.

Why? Because the workers can remember what happened after the last war. Thousands upon thousands of them saw all their savings melt away with unemployment and the Means Test.

This time the Government has certainly given a pledge that thrift will not be penalised in the same way.

Nevertheless, the ghost of the Means Test has not been laid. It *could* have been, had the Cabinet endorsed Sir William's plan to pay unemployment benefit without a time limit.

It did not do so, and, consequently, we urge the Government to come out now with an explicit statement that no call, direct or indirect, will ever be made upon war savings of any description or of any amount merely because the holder of them can find no work to do.

An unconditional guarantee of that kind would kindle fresh enthusiasm among millions of small savers.

But it would not make spending more difficult, nor would it of itself keep down the cost of living.

That can only be done in two ways: by a still further limitation of the supply of consumption goods and by a much more efficient and speedier control of prices.

As we pointed out last week, Maximum Price Orders hitherto have been "full of holes." Usually the control has been clamped on long after the profiteers have taken their profits.

Furniture, typewriters, perambulators, flowers and a dozen other things hit the price roof *before* any action was taken.

What the Government ought to do is to prevent such ramps from starting.

And to establish its controls *after* the best elements of the trade have given their expert advice. Then they might be expected to work smoothly.

THERE is a shocking ramp going on now in the rentals of unfurnished houses let for the first time since the war began.

The Rent Restrictions Acts do not apply to these, and Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister of Health, is looking into the matter.

But it should have been dealt with long ago, because profiteering of this kind was clearly foreseeable. Indeed, it was bound to happen unless control were applied.

Eels are said to get used to being skinned, and so does the public. But it does not *like* to be skinned, and it looks to the Government to protect it as far as possible.

How is all this connected with wages and savings? First, because the less prices are allowed to rise, the more margin there will be for thrift.

Secondly, because the small investor, when he feels that he is getting fair value for the money he is bound to spend, is naturally more inclined to lend the balance to the State.

And, thirdly, because the prevention of profiteering and every sensible check upon luxury spending help to convince the public that the Government means business.

JOHN BULL has no doubt that it does mean business, and we know that the average citizen is ready and eager to co-operate.

Selfish spenders there will always be and some greedy people who want more than their fair share of wages and goods alike.

But, given the right lead and firm direction from the top, British workers can be trusted to put their wage increases to proper use. They are not asking for the earth, but only for a better world to live in after the war is won.

Loose Talk Just Now Is Criminal

NOWADAYS most people know something of our military preparations.

And most people seem anxious to show how well-informed they are.

A stout, placid woman was talking to a friend in a London Underground train the other day. A JOHN BULL man, straphanging in front of her, could not avoid overhearing her conversation—nor could a few other people.

"My boy's just had forty-eight hours' leave. He was sure it was embarkation leave, though, of course, they didn't tell him so.

"They moved to the coast last Monday—to such-and-such a port, as a matter of fact."

It probably didn't occur to her that she was inviting trouble for her son—whether his guess was right or wrong.

A reader reports a conversation heard in a crowded provincial bus.

"You know my brother Bert?" said a young girl. "He works at so-and-so's factory, you know.

"They just got a frightfully hush-hush job—working day and night on it, they are.

Unfortunately, there are "brother Berts" in the country as well as the great cities.

Move around rural Britain and you'll hear of ammunition dumps and where they are hidden. Of country hotels shut down at short notice to make way for the American air force. Of great Army convoys.

"Them there Army things in the copse behind old Giles' place are so well cammyflarged you can hardly spot 'em from the road. So I bet them Jerry planes 'ld never never find 'em."

But the Jerry planes might—if the news reaches one of Goering's big-eared agents.

For the enemy's ears are sharp as well as big.

The enemy was ready for us at Dieppe. New concrete traps were built, ambushes arranged on the roads behind the town, in time for our great Commando raid.

And people are talking more freely now than ever before. Their Second Front information may not always be sound. But it is dangerous.

So dangerous that it might cost the lives of thousands of our boys in uniform.

Mr. F. BANCROFT TURNER, Salford Stipendiary

DEAR SIR,—The chuckle-headed owls of officialdom are not only making fools of themselves, but trying to make fools of a nation at war.

Four women who had worked all day volunteered to carry on through the evening shift to remove a bottleneck that threatened to hold up important Government contracts.

As you have said, people have got the O.B.E. for working like blazes to increase production.

But these four women didn't get a decoration. Instead, the factory got four summonses for employing them twelve and a half hours exclusive of meals and breaks. You were "disposed to leniency." You fined the firm only £4.

I should have made it a farthing to show my disgust. And I'm afraid my remarks would have been more scathing.

I should fine heavily any firm that forces its staff to work inordinately long shifts. But if the staff volunteers to work overtime to aid the war effort, a prosecution is a present for Hitler.

This case is not unique. Recent weeks have brought other examples of crazy officiousness by a Ministry which urges the workers to greater efforts and then issues summonses when they obey. A contemptible piece of bungling!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—One of my readers works seven days a week as a steel erector, often till seven at night. He is also a Home Guard.

As an ex-seaman, he knows the value of shipping space. So, in what little leisure he has, he Digs for Victory.

But you give him no encouragement.

The other evening he gathered 33 lb. of brussels sprouts. His brother took them to market. They fetched 1s. 6d. for the lot.

In the shops, of course, they'll be sold for 5d. a lb.

Yes, I know that this local illustration is true of the whole country. Every other grower is just as unlucky as my reader. And that's just the point.

There should not be this appalling disparity between the prices paid to the producer and the prices paid by the consumer. There should not be preposterous profits for middlemen, many of whom could be eliminated.

You have done a fine job in reviving agriculture. Lord Woolton has done magnificently in sharing out the food that has resulted.

But you should get together to organise a sensible, economical system of distribution.

Both producer and consumer would benefit. Both have a right to expect that it will be done without further delay.—JOHN BULL.

General HIDEKI TOJO, Prime Minister of Japan

SIR,—You dream too much, and your dreams may one day change into nightmares.

Rashly, you have assured the Japanese Diet that the war will be over this year, and that Britain and the U.S.A. will be "annihilated."

Recently, however, a force of ten warships, twelve troop transports, 15,000 soldiers and fifty-nine aircraft was indeed annihilated. It was a Japanese force.

A small army in the Solomons was annihilated: a Japanese army. The garrison of Papua was annihilated: a Japanese garrison.

And our main forces are still to be directed against yours.

But because of that fact your dreamy boast should be heeded in London and Washington.

You will not win the war this year or later. But we may expect you to do your worst this year while we are doing our utmost to smash our enemies in the West.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

A CHRISTIAN LADY, Brighton

DEAR MADAM.—I am not publishing your name, for I think you have been punished enough Besides, there are tens of thousands of people who are just as thoughtless as yourself.

You fed the seagulls on the front with a slice of bread.

"As a Christian lady I was feeding the hungry birds," you naïvely told the magistrates, who fined you £1.

As a Christian lady, you should show consideration to men as well as seagulls—to the men who brought the wheat to make that bread.

They brave torpedoes, bombs and mines to keep you well fed. Sometimes their bravery costs them their life, as you must know if you read the newspapers. Or don't you bother to imagine the gallantry and sacrifices that lie behind the terse reports of U-boat activity?

Those tens of thousands of people like you don't bother. They don't even bother to amuse themselves by feeding the birds. They just throw bread into the dustbin

But I'm hoping they may find a lesson in your police court case. Otherwise, if waste continues, the Government may have to do what it is most anxious to avoid—ration bread.

That might not hurt you badly. But it would be a heavy blow to poor women with large families.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Rev. G. K. A. BELL, Bishop of Chichester

MY LORD,—It was well worth raising the question of whether the German people should be held responsible for their government.

You had two sharp points to drive home. One, the "terrific" protests against Nazidom by German bishops. Second, that a merely anti-German slogan is not good enough for the Occupied Countries—or, indeed, for anyone else.

We're all fighting for something more than defeat of the Axis. And, as you say, recent events in Africa raised doubts as to the sort of people with whom the United Nations would collaborate.

In his answer, Lord Simon has made it clear that the British Government agrees with Stalin that the aim is not to destroy the German people, but the Hitlerite State—an important difference.

So now we know. And now we must make every effort to see that the German people know it too, so that they no longer believe their choice lies between following Hitler and utter destruction.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—I shall think of you henceforth as a Pioneer, so boldly do you express the aims of all intelligent people in Britain.

The fervent hope of us all is that the rest of the Cabinet in working hard to fulfil those aims.

Your speeches on "the world of the future" have each been memorable; none more so than the last.

Clearly and emphatically, it outlined the means by which an enduring and profitable peace could be obtained.

The world must be freed from the causes of aggression—from the poverty which exists side by side with riches and promotes discontent.

Trade must be increased within each nation and between them. The words "glut" and "shortage" should disappear from commercial language; money must be made man's servant instead of his master; international agreement must replace the international anarchy of pre-war days.

We must raise the standard of health throughout the world so that mankind will be happier. We must have international labour standards so that no worker anywhere shall be exploited.

We must have a world food standard which could indeed be "one of the most powerful of all forces in aid of an expanding world economy."

A vast and complex task. But not an impossible one. Not even so gigantic and intricate as the organisation of the military operations which now cover the globe!

We shan't be afraid to face it. We are indeed anxious to begin it. But the plans must be laid by those in command—by the Governments of the United Nations.

And the enlightened Britons for whom you speak as frankly as Mr. Wallace speaks for enlightened Americans will hope that those plans are at last being prepared.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

PENS AND CAMERAS IN WAR

"DESERT VICTORY," that magnificent pictorial record of the Eighth Army's triumphant drive across hundreds of miles of North Africa, draws attention to more than the superb fighting qualities of our land, sea and air arms.

It stresses once more the qualities, too, of the men who follow the varying fortunes of the war with typewriter and camera.

* * *

Some men of the Army Film Unit died so that Britain could thrill to the victories of our arms in Libya, Cyrenaica and Tripolitania.

Others, taking shots in bursting hells of bullets and explosives, were wounded.

As individuals they get little kudos. As a team their spirit and enterprise are deeply praised.

This anonymity does not apply to war correspondents.

Yet I have always felt that the Press, usually so frank and outspoken about other subjects, is painfully modest about the men who keep busy radio and cable communications between the battlefronts and Fleet Street.

These newspaper men share the hardships of the troops.

They don't carry weapons. You'll find them in front-line dugouts, in warships protecting sorely tried convoys, in bombers straffing enemy targets, in 'planes engaged on U-boat hunts, in beleaguered garrisons.

Thousands of words every day reach London from the war fronts.

Newspaper men have been blown up by bombs and shells, have been torpedoed, have been killed in air crashes. Some, accredited to battle fleets, have scoured millions of square miles of ocean.

They don't want praise—don't get it, unless it's a private telegram of thanks from an editor for a job well done.

It is a job. But it's a job which has none of the compensations that are the fighting man's—the ability to hit back, the chance to forget "nerves" in the task of manning guns and dropping bombs and firing torpedoes.

Correspondents are harassed by the censors. They have all manner of problems to solve. But they never forget their first duty—that to their newspapers and their readers.

But they do have the satisfaction of getting their names over their stories. And that, believe me, is the highest praise an editor or a newspaper can bestow on one of its staff.

* * *

And there is the added knowledge that the pen and the film camera are mighty weapons in this global war.

Newspapers and cinemas present to Britain a record of the war at once impartial and—as far as official limits will allow—comprehensive pictures of the way the struggle is going.

Perhaps, after all, that inner satisfaction that comes of a job well done is the best reward of all.

THEY COULDN'T BE HELD—2

★

By MARK PRIESTLEY

Escaped from Under Sea!

★ *Here's the almost incredible story, told in full in this thrilling escapes cavalcade, of British soldiers and United States airmen imprisoned in an Italian submarine while it was depth-charged by the R.A.F.—and how they eluded their captors in struggling to safety*

Flying-Officer J. N. Cartwright (centre) with two of the American airmen he unwittingly bombed

AFRICAN midnight, with its purple shadows and livid flames. The R.A.F. was strafing Tripoli, smoothing the way for Montgomery. Down smacked the H.E.'s. In panicky hurry, the Italian U-boat slid out to sea.

Crammed in her forward torpedo compartment, trapped behind the clip-jammed watertight doors, were a batch of British Tommies and American airmen.

"Maybe I'll have to admit this makes us prisoners-of-war," said Major Jimmy Street.

He'd been trying not to face the inevitable, hoping against hope for a chance of escape ever since he and his boys had been smoked out of their blazing tank in Tunisia.

Weighed His Chances

He'd weighed the chances of making a break from the barbed-wire concentration pens, coldly estimated the chances of a breakneck run to freedom under the cold steel of his captors' machine-guns. But the odds had been overwhelming. . . .

"Guess you're right," assented Earle Millichamp, Second-Lieutenant, United States Air Force.

And he, too, in the tremor and whine of the submarine, gloomily weighed up the future.

Five days' time—and they'd be in Taranto. And then, for the duration, a dry and dusty prison camp in Italy. Or an Oflag in Germany. . . .

In the hard white electric light Earle closed his eyes.

Only four weeks before he'd taken off from an American airfield. He'd been fighting fit, mustard keen for the future.

Then, after a raid, he'd tried the impossible, attempting to get back to base in a Flying Fortress so badly flak-wrecked that it lurched all over the sky.

The Messerschmitts had jumped at such a sitting target. Left behind by his formation, Earle fought back—a fight to a finish.

One of his engines was blown to scraps by a cannon-shell. Soon his aileron was clipped off as if by scissors. Screeching in the wind, the ripped wing began to tear away.

As the 'plane fluttered down, Earle and his bombardier smashed their secret bomb-sight to pieces, scattering the fragments far and wide over the desert.

Somehow they'd all escaped uncathed from the crash-landing. Dazed and breathless, they hadn't been a match for a light tank plus fifty Italians. . . .

The submarine, one of the small, twelve-year-old 600-ton types, was beginning to lurch and wallow. One of the young Americans began to get sick.

They were in for a night!

Major Jimmy Street scarcely slept.

Prison Ahead

The prison camp loomed ahead for him and his men. And only a miracle could save them!

The miracle happened!

In the cold, clear dawn a Brummagem pilot, Flying Officer Johnny Cartwright, was on convoy escort with his Beaufort bomber.

The choppy sea was a race of white horses. But Johnny suddenly thought he saw a wake in the rollers.

He swooped closer, and now in the dim light there wasn't a doubt of the wake or the dim patch ahead of it—the entire foredeck of the submarine, rising and falling in the seas as she tried to make surface progress.

"Bombs ready!" snapped Johnny. "Now!"

He gave them a stick of four in a split second, watched them explode with a blast that knocked some of the Eytie crew clean out of the conning-tower.

"Dee-cees ready!" said Johnny.

Down below in the U-boat the bombs seemed to go off with a single ear-splitting roar.

One second—and the prisoners were stretching and yawning under the eyes of the Italian soldiers on guard at the door.

The next—and they were in darkness with everything loose crashing round in a dance of death.

Jagged splinters of glass flew through the air like shrapnel. The Eytie sentries groaned on the floor.

Pitch Black

Another explosion! In the Stygian blackness the prisoners could not see that the plates of the U-boat had crumpled as if struck by a giant hand.

All they could hear was the rasping of metal, the eerie whining of one of the motors as if the propeller shaft were distorted—and then the soft trickle of water.

A third volcanic upheaval as another depth-charge thundered close—and they were all knocked pell-mell on the floor. Some of the boys were bleeding from glass cuts, stunned, almost insensible.

And then Major Jimmy Street took charge. "A mild little man," as Earle afterwards said, "who turned out to be one of the toughest and nicest guys I've ever met."

He struck a match, ripped sheets off a bunk, began to bandage one of the worst-cut lads.

Crash!

"Got to get out of here," said Street.

He finished his bandaging, brought them all to their feet, reconnoitred the watertight door—it was still tightly clipped—smashed open a trap to see the chances of getting through to the conning-tower hatch. The choking gurgle of water was louder.

There was no way to freedom save *via* the watertight door—and the U-boat was sinking!

Two more explosions echoed in the distance. And then, close at hand, the clang of a hammer.

Someone was battering back the clips.

Earle thinks it was one of the crew ordered below to release them. Street believes it was a sailor sent to ascertain the damage forrard.

They brushed him aside. Amidships the sloping gangway of the submarine was sardine-packed with fear-maddened Italians.

Fought Way Out

They fought their way through with their fists.

"Boy," says Earle, "we got out through the conning-tower—and the aircraft flying around looked good to us!"

But they were out of the frying-pan—and almost into the furnace!

From less than two miles away three British destroyers bore down on the U-boat, with all their guns blazing.

The prisoners couldn't make it out. They didn't know that the panicky Italians on the decks had waved white flags at Johnny Cartwright and then, as he swerved in, met his 'plane with machine-gun fire.

Perhaps the better blood among the Italians tried to make amends for this cunning by one last gallant gesture.

With the shells screaming round them, they raised the Italian flag.

And there, on the slippery surf-washed decks, the British and Americans fought them barefisted to take it down.

It came down—ripped to pieces.

But now the fire of the destroyers was dead accurate. The Italians jumped overboard like flies. Some of the Tommies went over the side and tried to use the submarine's frame as a shield.

Friend and Foe Mixed

Friend and foe were indistinguishable in the final mêlée. Three shells sliced off the submarine's stern . . . and she started to dive to the bottom.

"We swam away," says Earle, "towards a destroyer. I had shed most of my clothes and was managing all right. . . ."

But that's not all the story. He doesn't tell how he swam to Major Jimmy Street and asked, "How are you making?" Weakened on a prison diet, Street was taking in a lot of water and choking.

"All right, son," he tried to say, "you go ahead!"

Earle grabbed him, swam with him.

Soon all that remained of their submarine prison was a treacly pool of oil, and swimming Italians. "They had lifebelts," says Earle, "they didn't give us any. . . ."

American airman and English major were soon safe aboard a destroyer. With them were their fellow-prisoners to a man. And over the horizon, still on convoy escort, went their rescuer, the airman from Brummagem. . . .

HITLER TURNS HIS IRE ON TINY ANDORRA

HITLER is up to his oldest dodge again. His hatred has a new target and Goebbels sounds the trumpet of venomous propaganda against a peculiar foe.

Gone are the times when this performance heralded attack on big countries. The new target is exactly 175 square miles in size and is populated by no more than 5,500 people.

It is Andorra, the miniature Republic in the Pyrenees which is under joint French and Spanish suzerainty.

★ ★ ★

The little Republic lies peacefully tucked away in secluded valleys, hardly touched by the highroads that link France and Spain and have been built much nearer to the coast.

It seems to have violently upset the Nazis since their total occupation of France. Suddenly they discovered that many people on whom they wanted to lay their hands have slipped across the border into Andorra.

It is a neutral, independent State, and Hitler cannot catch them now.

Angrily he insists that more than 300 former millionaires are now living as refugees in Andorra. Among them, it is alleged, are some well-known British people and Americans.

The residents of Andorra seem to enjoy the chance which history gives them to play a small, but important, part in a war in which they are neutral.

They are a great and proud little people—but poor. Legitimate trade, and even the raising of sheep, could never really support the population. That is why they have long excelled in what is an honoured profession in Andorra—smuggling.

But while they formerly smuggled tobacco, or at best jewels, they are now smuggling men and women, the enemies of Hitler, out of France.

They are making a good job of it, and the Germans rave because the difficult mountain country makes it almost impossible to interfere.

Only the hardy natives of this small country know the pathways which lead in and out of their country; they alone can guide a man towards the coast where a rescue ship may take him out of the Nazis' reach.

★ ★ ★

The Nazis maintain that the influx of refugees is a burden on Andorra. The people of Andorra do not seem to think so!

Although there are no hotels or inns in the Republic, they have found shelter for every refugee who came knocking at their door.

So it looks as if Hitler, in search of new triumphs, may order action against Andorra. His propaganda campaign in this particular design is too familiar.

And Hitler needs another "conquest."

★ It seems certain that the surface ships of the German Navy mean to come out before long to join the U-boats in an intensified attack on our sea lanes. What will it mean—what will the Nazi Fleet amount to in battle line ?

The "Tirpitz," largest single unit of the fleet, was last reported in the Baltic

When the German Fleet Comes Out

DISMISSAL of Raeder and the promotion of Admiral Doenitz to the supreme command of the German fleet made it evident that a major change in naval strategy had been decided.

As the official German announcement explained, "all the resources of the fleet would henceforth aid the intensified U-boat warfare." So, obviously, the German surface ships are to be called out of their hiding places.

A big purge of German admirals has preceded this development. Hitler's axe has hit such men as Admirals Carls and Boehm, who, in the early stages of the war, put the German fleet to good use when they carried out the invasion of Norway.

Conflicting Claims by Experts

Of what does this fleet actually consist?

Nazi naval spokesmen have made conflicting claims about the potentiality of the German navy. Once Admiral Luetzow admitted that Germany's navy could not hope to cope with the British Navy in a straight sea battle.

But another German naval expert hastened to explain that "a German fleet in being" was tying down large units of the British Navy in northern waters.

It was preventing scores of Allied destroyers from taking part in the hunt for U-boats and threatening large British convoys which had to be protected by many warships.

There is, of course, less mystery about the strength of the German surface fleet than German propaganda seeks to create. We have a fair idea of the number, the size, the armaments of the ships on which Doenitz can count.

Anything New?

It would seem that, in over three years of war, part of the German war production could have been used to increase the strength of the navy.

But this is only true so far as U-boats are concerned, because the Nazi leaders realised that even their greatest efforts could not, within reasonable time, produce any appreciable number of new powerful surface ships.

Besides, most of the German shipyards, the capacity of which is far inferior to those of the Allies, were busy repairing the damage done to their surface ships in previous naval battles.

There cannot, therefore, be any dramatic surprises about the number of first-class German warships.

And even though the surface ships Germany does possess have been hiding in home bases or in the deep fjords of the Norwegian coast, they have not all escaped the vigilant R.A.F.

There is only uncertainty whether Germany's new and biggest aircraft-carrier, the *Count Zeppelin*, is actually ready to go to sea.

Aircraft Carrier

It was laid down over seven years ago and, according to all reckoning, should be completed now.

It has, however, never shown up, but may appear soon.

The sister-ship of the *Bismarck*, sunk on one of her first adventures, is to-day probably the largest single unit of the Nazi navy.

She is the *Tirpitz*, officially listed as a 35,000-tonner, but more likely displacing around 40,000 tons.

If the Tirpitz came out of the Baltic where she was last reported there would be quite a number of big ships to escort her and to make up a powerful line of battle.

The *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* have been under repair ever since they escaped in the Channel.

They ought to be ready by now. The *Scharnhorst* was recently definitely traced to Kiel and the *Gneisenau*, when last seen, was dismantled in the Polish port of Gdynia.

Together with the *Tirpitz* they form a powerful combination. And they could count on the company of two pocket-battleships, *Scheer* and *Lutzow*.

Once these pocket-battleships, built to evade the restrictive clauses of the Versailles treaties, were regarded as superior to anything of their kind.

The Pocket Battleships

But since the *Graf Spee* was battered by the British Navy in the battle of River Plate, experts have lost their respect.

They are fast but not strong enough; they have big guns but they are liable to be too big for ships of this size.

Yet, in making up a battle-squadron, the two remaining pocket-battleships have their use.

There are, furthermore, two eight-inch battle cruisers, the *Prinz Eugen* and the *Hipper*, which are formidable ships.

The *Prinz Eugen* may not be ready yet after the damage which it sustained in the British Channel. But one must count with her appearance soon.

Other light cruisers are also available and some fifteen destroyers can join the Nazi navy any day.

That is the German fleet as far as big units are concerned.

Surface Raiders

We know all about the E-boats, fast, small craft which carry torpedoes, the A.A. ships which protect the Continental coasts, a few old merchantmen converted into surface raiders and leading a precarious existence somewhere in the Pacific or the Southern Atlantic.

The only new feature of the German navy, little encountered hitherto, but much plugged by Nazi propaganda, are bigger motor-boats which, the Nazis claim, can stay at sea for a year or longer, independent of fuel supplies.

But you cannot assess the total strength of the German navy without taking the Italian fleet into account, another "fleet in being" which has long refused battle because it could not hope to match British naval power even in one single theatre alone.

Italian Fleet

Only if Doenitz can get Mussolini to make use of his fleet to give battle in the Mediterranean when the German Fleet comes out, does the Axis naval strength amount to a real threat.

It is a threat even though it may prove a double-edged sword to wield. One big encounter with the massed might of allied sea power may spell the end of a dream which Hitler is preparing to translate into reality.

Unlike Bismarck, he thinks that a naval power like Britain must primarily be hit at sea. His new admirals seem to agree with him and they are certainly men of action.

Fricke, now in command in the Mediterranean, is the most likely man to get his hand on the Italian ships. He is a skilled negotiator, half-sailor and half-diplomat.

Will Risk Battle

Admiral Ciliax who is in charge of the more vital Northern region, has shown his daring when he led the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* past Britain's doorstep.

These men will certainly summon all available strength and risk a battle, because, whatever else is in doubt, there is no likelihood of any repetition of the mutinies that led the German Imperial Navy into captivity in the last war.

It will, when it comes, be a formidable battle, a great fight. There may be big losses.

But when this one big battle is fought, who can doubt the outcome?

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

THIS

CLIMAX of the war is rushing on. Are we prepared to meet it? "Prepared," that is, not only in a military sense, but in a constructive sense also.

Take the military position first. Battered by the giant hammer of Russia in the East, with the whole Mediterranean front crumbling, with her cities blazing nightly to the skies, with the dominion of the air lost, shut out from the ocean routes, Germany sees the shadow of the prison house closing in upon her.

The hope of victory has gone. The certainty of defeat takes shape. She is on the defensive. She is fighting no longer to win. She is fighting in the desperate hope of a draw.

She is fighting for time—time in which to disrupt her enemies, time in which to develop her plot.

* * *

The plot is transparent, but it is none the less dangerous for that reason. It bears all the marks of the "master mind."

"ONE BY ONE" HITLER WON HIS VICTORIES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR. "ONE BY ONE" HE HOPES TO SAVE HIMSELF AT THE END.

The mystery that envelops him to-day is capable of many explanations. Most probable is that Stalingrad has destroyed him as a military strategist, that the General Staff has taken control, and his task now is to redeem the wreck by his political cunning.

Through a thousand channels his propaganda machine is working day and night to mobilise world opinion on a new front. It is no longer the conquest of the world by Germany that is the goal. It is the salvation of the world from the Bolshevist bogy.

Not Hitler, but Stalin is the enemy of mankind. Not Hitler, but Stalin must be destroyed if Europe is to be saved from the abyss.

And, concurrently with this brazen trick he seeks to infect the Russian mind with the suspicion that Britain and America are leaving Russia in the lurch.

That is why Rommel is left to fight a hopeless battle in Africa.

The longer he holds us up there the more Hitler hopes he will delay the stroke that is coming from the West, and the deeper will grow the suspicion in Russia.

In this way he calculates he will make a breach in the Allied front. The pincers that are closing in on him will be kept ajar.

His enemies will be disintegrated and one by one he will dodge them. If he cannot win he may at least secure a draw and escape punishment.

* * *

THIS PLOT, I REPEAT, IS DANGEROUS IF WE NEGLECT IT. IT IS DANGEROUS BECAUSE THERE IS STILL A GRAVE LACK OF COHESION IN THE ALLIED FRONT.

Between Britain and America unity is absolute. But, between ourselves and Russia the spirit of complete, all-in co-operation has not yet been realised.

I shall not attempt to distribute the responsibility for this. There are faults on both sides.

In Britain and America, as in other coun

LOT

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Says A. G.

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LOT IS DANGEROUS!

★ You know about it, of course, and how it is part of Hitler's frantic attempt to stave off defeat by waving the Bolshevist bogy here and in America—and fomenting suspicion in Russia about our intentions after victory. But, obvious though it all is, it must be dealt with resolutely—and at once

Says A. G. GARDINER

tries, there are Fascist elements ready to be fanned into flame by Hitler's bellows.

They are negligible in comparison with the great currents of the two nations, but they are enough to be a source of mischief and suspicion.

ON THE OTHER SIDE IS THE CHARGE SO BLUNTLY STATED BY THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR IN MOSCOW. IF THERE IS GROUND FOR THE CHARGE THE FACT IS REGRETTABLE. BUT IT IS STILL MORE REGRETTABLE THAT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN MADE THE SUBJECT OF WORLD-WIDE DISCUSSION.

Nothing will suit Hitler's book better or our book worse than the spread of the idea that the Allies are at sixes-and-sevens, that they do not trust each other, and that each is playing for its own hand.

This appearance of disunity must end. I say "appearance" because there is no disunity in fact.

There is only one war. There is only one enemy—the Axis. There is only one goal—Victory.

It is true that Russia is not at war, as we and America are, with the whole Axis. But that fact does not lessen the singleness of our common purpose.

Victory over Germany means victory over Japan. It means, incidentally, that Russia will have no Japan to reckon with after the victory in Europe is won.

That victory will be won eventually. But if it is to be won, as it should be won, this year Britain, America and Russia must throw everything into the common effort. We must work together, think together, act together.

Churchill and Stalin paved the way for complete confidence

We must defeat Hitler's cunning plot to divide us. Whatever the grit in the machine it must be removed.

We must present one indissoluble, unbreakable front to the enemy in obedience to a cause which transcends all national, ideological or separate interests.

Let the common bond be forged now. Let us make it known now in plain terms and coherent action. Let there be no recriminations, no palavers.

WE ARE AT THE CRISIS OF THE WAR. THE ENEMY IS ON THE ROPES. LET US GO IN AS A UNIT OF POWER TO DELIVER THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW TO THE MOST DEADLY AND CRIMINAL POWER THAT HAS EVER TORTURED, OUTRAGED AND ENSLAVED MANKIND.

* * *

There is another imperative reason why we should consolidate our ranks now. We lost the peace after the last war because we had not prepared for it in time.

If that tragedy is not to be repeated and the seeds of a third world war are not to be sown then the cause of the tragedy must not be repeated. We must have the blue print of the peace ready.

In making that blue print three powers will be mainly responsible. Britain, America and Russia will have borne the burden of the war.

They will emerge from it with a collective might that will make them, willy-nilly, the chief architects of the new world that is to rise on the ruins of the old.

IT IS VITAL THAT THESE THREE POWERS SHOULD ENTER THE PEACE CONFERENCE AGREED UPON THE PRINCIPLES ON WHICH THE NEW WORLD IS TO BE FOUNDED.

Certain principles have been already laid down in the rough in the Atlantic Charter and more briefly in President Roosevelt's "four freedoms."

But so far Russia has not spoken. M. Stalin is a silent man, and we do not know what he is thinking. Nor do we know what approaches, if any, have been made to him or by him on the subject.

But one thing is clear. As Mr. Henry Wallace, the Vice-President of the U.S.A., has said:

"Unless the Western democracies and Russia come to a satisfactory understanding before the war ends I very much fear that world war No. 3 will be inevitable. Without a close and trusting understanding between Russia and the United States there is grave probability of Russia and Germany sooner or later making common cause."

It will be a long time before the dreadful agony that Russia has suffered at the hands of Germany will allow that "grave probability" to happen.

But the time to stop it is now. And the way to stop it is to reach such peace terms with Russia as will make the world secure for ever against the recurrence of the hideous nightmare through which this generation has twice lived.

UNITY WILL DEFEAT THE PLOT. UNITY WILL WIN THE PEACE. BUT IT MUST BE UNITY *NOW*.

What The Nazis Are Up To In France

A NEW and terrible threat hangs over France. Within a few months, if Hitler has his way, she will have been almost entirely depleted of her young men.

This was the hidden meaning of that sinister passage in his proclamation:

"We consider it quite natural not to spare alien lives at a time when such hard sacrifices are being demanded from us.

"We shall not hesitate for a single second to call upon the countries which are responsible for the outbreak of this war to do their bit in this fatal struggle."

It was obvious that he specially meant France.

What exactly was in his mind has become dreadfully clear through the reports which have reached the Fighting French headquarters in London in the last two weeks.

* * *

Conscription of French youth for "work of national importance," ordered and carried out by the Pétain-Laval Government, is entirely a measure for Hitler's benefit.

If he could, Hitler would forcibly enlist all Frenchmen in the German army "for the defence of Europe." But, of course, he dare not entrust them with firearms.

As unarmed pioneers, however, he may use Frenchmen just behind the front lines, and thus release a corresponding number of Germans for actual fighting.

The so-called "Organisation Todt," which is in charge of constructing new lines of fortifications, loading and unloading military trains and doing all kinds of jobs in ordnance depots in the occupied countries, will gradually become an unarmed army of international slaves.

* * *

It will be largely French, with German officers and N.C.O.s. They will carry weapons to check mutinies.

Now, in modern war, this work involves nearly as much risk as front-line service.

When the Vichy Government states that the greater number of young Frenchmen, conscripted for labour, will remain in France, it may, strictly speaking, be true.

But the hypocrisy lies in the fact that many of these Frenchmen will be used all along the French coast, building more blockhouses and fortifications against the expected Allied landing.

Or they will be sent to man depots and marshalling yards at the most dangerous places like Lorient, Brest, St. Nazaire, Dunkirk, Cherbourg and other naval and military bases.

Others will be compelled to work inside, or even outside France in industrial plants vital for the German war effort, which are therefore essential targets for the Allies.

The factories of Essen, Dusseldorf, Mannheim, the wharves of Hamburg, Kiel, Bremen and Wilhelmshaven, will soon swarm with young French workers if Hitler's plans succeed.

And we may be sure that such German workers as are still there will get shelter priority when the sirens sound!

Besides aiming at releasing more Germans for the fighting line, this policy means a hideous attempt to blackmail the Allies.

In effect it says: "If you go on bombing the coasts or the German cities you may kill more friends than foes."

* * *

If the Allies denounced the whole thing for what it really is—one of the worst breaches of international law—the Wilhelmstrasse would no doubt feign surprise.

Cynical Ribbentrop would insist that it was being done in full agreement with the French Government, which has not only issued the necessary decrees, but is even carrying them out with its own police!

That is why the responsibility of Pétain and Laval in this sacrifice of French youth is not much smaller than that of Hitler and Sauckel.

V. S.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU...

IS JAPAN'S BOLT SHOT?

● Certainly, Japan's power is declining. If we could increase our aid to China—it is needed very badly—Chiang Kai-shek could now strike forcefully.

Japan is already short of ships. The aerial blow hurled by General MacArthur on the Japanese convoy may prove to have been one of the war's decisive battles—for it almost certainly ensured the safety of Australia.

But this must be remembered: it may take years to kill off, on all the scattered islands, every Japanese put there to hold them as bargaining counters.

Even terrible air raids on Japan's home towns would not lessen their resistance. Each man will hang on until he is killed.

"Death for the Emperor" is his religion.

Even when beaten, Japan will be a menace while one of her hundreds of units remains alive.

WILL SLAVES BRING HITLER DOWN?

● Yes, I think so.

When Hitler grabbed nearly all Europe, he made, because of his vanity, one great mistake.

He should have granted to the conquered nations at least mock Parliaments. Had he been at all generous, there would have been no general revolt.

Instead, he imposed Tyranny and so nearly every hand is turned against him.

He has bottled up, in countless millions of hearts, enmity which, when released by news of our landing on the Continent, will cause revolutions too large for him to control. For then he will need every soldier to defend his homeland.

Slavery will revolt. Masses will strike.

In the end, I believe, the insurrection will spread to Germany itself.

WILL WOMEN INFLUENCE THE PEACE?

● "Women should make the peace after the war," says Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

But which?

Apart from herself—and her views would be embodied in her husband—there is, at present, no outstanding woman in the world.

With the exception of Eleanor Rathbone, an Independent, I know of no woman in Parliament experienced in Continental affairs.

Nor has the United States a woman who stands out nor—so far as I can remember—any of the countries of Europe.

Women must learn to trust one another, elect to the legislatures members of their own sex and, more than that, choose women who will be able to master the intricate problems of world statesmanship.

At present, they are misusing and frittering away the great freedom won for them by the Suffragette pioneers.

They included women of great courage and unbeatable determination. But the tragedy was that, the vote won, most of them did very little.

QUEER LAND SALE BY A COLONEL

I AM, this week, able to shed some light upon a remarkable personality.

He is a Lieut.-Colonel Edmund Eaton, who still uses his old Army rank, and, with a private residence called "Hoylake," at Spur Hill, Parkstone, Dorset, has many other addresses and varied interests in the West Country.

He has, in recent times, set himself up as a champion of the smallholder.

In a booklet entitled "Minor Problems of the Farmer and Smallholder," for example, he contends that large estates of derelict land should be cut up into small plots and made available to smallholders.

Such people, he suggests, should have financial loans if necessary.

Many of his arguments are sound.

But a great deal of it is just clever "window-dressing" to bolster up his own private schemes.

Lieut.-Col. Edmund Eaton has been behind dozens of unsuccessful ventures

Offered in "Parcels"

Recently some interesting printed matter was circulated, offering "parcels" and "lots" of land at West Holme Heath and Highwood Heath Estate, not far from picturesque Lulworth Cove in Dorsetshire.

Five hundred and fifty acres of what is described as "freehold agricultural land" is involved, and these have been split up into about forty "Parcels" varying in area from three to seventy acres.

In conspicuous print, these "parcels" are definitely stated to be suitable for development as Agricultural Holdings, Market Gardens, Fruit Orchards, etc.

But investigation shows that independent experts think otherwise.

Nevertheless, by paying tribute to Sir R. Stapleton, C.B.E., M.A., Professor of Agriculture, who is one of the greatest living authorities on the subject, he conveys the impression that the scheme is a sound agricultural proposition.

He refers, also, to an article by a well-known author, Mr. Leo Walmsley, which told how derelict land in South Wales was transformed into a gradually productive farming proposition.

Such references naturally add to the lure. So also does a note explaining that the Agricultural Bank might be willing to help purchasers with loans.

Apart from such statements as these, there is general vagueness about the scheme.

"*Believed* to be suitable," "it is *believed*," "*may* provide," "it is to be *understood* that," "*if*" and "*when*," are some of the hollow phrases used about vital rights, values and the alleged possibilities open to purchasers.

So I decided to have inquiries made on the spot.

In the first place, all Mr. Walmsley knows about the matter is that, after his article had appeared in an agricultural journal, he received an unsolicited invitation from Colonel Eaton to visit the land in Dorset with the idea of "writing it up."

Clever Literature

He did not accept this invitation, however, and nothing more was heard by him about the proposal until he received a set of the literature in which his name is so cleverly introduced.

Throughout the whole of this literature offering plots for sale, the name of the vendor is not given, but that person is referred to as "she."

Notices on the estate refer to the Colonel as the owner. The confusion is explained by the fact that the legal owner of the estate is his wife, for whom the Colonel acquired the land cheaply some months ago at an open sale held in Wareham.

My representative found the land a mass of rough and uneven heath country, near Holme Bridge and the village of East Stoke, two and a half miles from Wareham.

He Must Know

It is covered with furze, bracken, heather and gorse, with stretches of tangled undergrowth. Some of it was under water.

It is true that certain farmlands on the estate *are* suitable for cultivation but, significantly, these are not included among the plots now being offered for sale, for "agricultural holdings, market gardens, fruit orchards, etc."

Colonel Eaton cannot plead ignorance of the real nature of the land. He has been told by the local authorities that it is more suitable for afforestation.

Indeed, the local authority has assured him that it is unlikely to favour anything but afforestation development.

But this apparently does not concern the busy Colonel, who at an auction sale held in Bournemouth only the other day disposed of about ten of the plots.

They were actually sold as "unique opportunities" at prices ranging from £40 to £100.

The remainder are now being offered to agricultural enthusiasts in "lots" from £575 down to £90 according to size.

Many people may be impressed by the statement that "The Agricultural Bank" is somewhere behind the scheme and by the suggestion that loans might be available.

My investigator visited the headquarters of this bank. It exists in one of the obscure estate offices on other land in which the Colonel is interested, at a place called Winterbourne Houghton.

It is not a bank in the way generally understood by the public, but simply a private business of the Colonel himself.

When he registered it in 1934 under the Business Names Act of 1916 he described it as a *business founded about 1905 but not proceeded with.*

Nor is this his first venture in the West Country. Numerous people burned their fingers some years ago in his Wareham Electric Supply Company, Ltd., which went into compulsory liquidation with huge liabilities.

Other Ventures

He was behind dozens of unsuccessful company ventures before he retired from the City of London. This was after an official investigation of his affairs in which he was castigated publicly as "a fraudulent company promoter and a public plunderer."

It is obvious, therefore, that his present offers should be entertained with the greatest caution.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

Watching the "Food" Fakers

CONSTANTLY I have urged the need for much closer official scrutiny of some of the alleged food "substitutes" placed from time to time on the market.

So I'm glad to hear that analysts in different parts of the country are becoming more and more vigilant.

Many substitutes are quite good, of course. But some have proved to be of very doubtful value.

In a report to the Northamptonshire Council, Mr. Eric Voelcker, Public Analyst, has made some scathing criticisms. His remarks deserve the widest publicity.

He found, for instance, that certain egg substitutes had no relation to the egg. Upon analysis, some were little more than a mixture of flour and bicarbonate of soda.

Meat substitutes, too, proved to be really mixtures of wheat-flour, salt, soya meal with small quantities of meat extract.

Milk substitutes contained little more than gelatin and potato starch.

Many "fruit juices," Mr. Voelcker stressed in his report, are still being sold although they may be harmful to the children taking them. They are made with a mineral acid content.

The most fantastic claims have been made about the sweetening value of some alleged sugar substitutes which, when analysed, have been found to consist of powders containing saccharin and dulcin.

In one case, where the contents of a bottle was supposed to be equal to 160 lumps of sugar, they did not equal ten!

Although substitutes can now only be manufactured under a licence, there are still large quantities of unlicensed substances on the market.

Obviously, much greater care is needed in the issue of these licences to ensure they do not go to a certain class of manufacturer whose chief object is to make as much money as he can as quickly as possible through the sale of worthless or inferior commodities of this kind.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. E. J. Evitt, Asplins Road, Tottenham, London, N.17, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.

Letters are welcomed about any ramp or scandal needing inquiry or comment. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Don't Wait for the Chickens

BEING (according to my relations) a born fool, I always insist on seeing the bright side of things. I always look on to-morrow as a fine day. To-morrow it may rain. But it will have been a fine day in my thoughts.

Not having a lot of time for ancient sayings (which have done a lot of things to make a lot of people very unhappy a lot of times), I always believe in counting my chickens before they are hatched.

★ ★ ★

Some people are always ready to be cheerful to-morrow, *if*.

To which I say you might as well be dead.

Many a boy thinks this would be a grand world to live in if only he could leave his schooldays and their tyranny behind him. But when he leaves school he finds himself in a world in which he has to earn his own living—and can't earn much of a living for quite a number of years.

"Wait," he says, "until I am really well off."

And one day he *is*.

But by that time he needs glasses, an ear-trumpet and a crutch, and he has to "be careful" because of his heart.

In fact, this type of man waits so well and so long that the only really grand and glorious thing in the whole of his career is the grand and glorious funeral they give him.

No. Not for me.

I don't expect a fortune to-morrow. And if by chance one should come my way, well, I haven't got it to-day.

And to-day matters such a lot.

★ ★ ★

One day this may be a grand old world. Personally, I'm not expecting anything of the kind in my time. In spite of all the schemes and isms, I think it likely that my great-grandson will get grit in his eye and suffer from toothache and hate to be educated and miss the train sometimes and be rained on for the whole fortnight of his summer holidays.

All the things that have annoyed me will annoy him, better world or not.

So I say be cheerful now over the things you haven't. The things you say you *want* to make you happy may be a thousand years away.

If Cæsar had waited for the aeroplane, Alfred the Great for electric light, or Shakespeare for the typewriter . .

Well, you see what I mean, don't you?

So I laugh. Often at nothing.

And I keep on counting my chickens. They're lovely little birds. A. G.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE

A gentleman who was loudly proclaiming that he was an atheist, and believed in nothing, was pulled up short by someone who asked him to write down a list of the things in which he did believe.

He began—and he kept on and on, much to his astonishment.

He believed, for instance, in his own existence, and in the existence of others. He believed in goodness and kindness and friendliness.

He believed in the sunshine and the wind and the rain, in the flowers and the fruits.

He went away to begin his thinking all over again.

This is a perfectly true little story, and it is one that holds a lesson for anyone.

We are all far too ready to take our beliefs and our disbeliefs for granted. We are all far too ready to rely on unreason rather than on reason.

What do you believe? What do you disbelieve?

It wouldn't hurt you one little bit to write down two lists, and then to consider what evidence you have for the various items.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

It's one of the finest brain exercises you can imagine. It really does make you think, and think clearly and logically.

Mind you, it's apt to be a bit upsetting. You'll find that any number of "beliefs" are nothing more than ideas that everyone holds and hardly anyone can support by any evidence whatever.

You'll find that any number of "disbeliefs" rest on nothing more substantial than your imagination.

The end, if you do it properly, will be a much-needed Spring-cleaning of your mental equipment!

What fun it had been, standing there and lashing out, smashing!

JADE JACKET FOR JOAN

"JOHN BULL'S" SHORT STORY

★

By WILL SCOTT

TWENTY years after It happened he went back, like a murderer going back to the scene of his crime, though murderer at any rate he was not.

Twenty years. Yet for all that time It was still the biggest thing in his thoughts, because It had been the biggest thing in all his life. A humdrum little life; keeping out of the way for the first few years, and then just drifting on.

It made him smile, in a pale sort of way, to think they must have been wondering, some of them, all the twenty years, what had become of him.

His wife, her Welsh grocer lover (the rat!), the neighbours.

It made him smile now, standing in the damp Market Square on this murky night, waiting with others for the 'bus to take them out to the village.

Others. . . . He could not make them out in the gloom. They were only shapes. He had known them, perhaps, once upon a time, might know them still if there were more light. They would have altered, naturally. *He* had altered. Twenty years is a fair slice.

It. . . . He could remember every detail of It, plenty aboard though he had had on the great occasion. In fact, as he had recalled with a grin, he had actually been put out of the Dun Cow.

He could remember. His wife—and far too much of the Welsh grocer—and his own jealousy—and the whispering tales that had come to him.

"Just let me catch him in my house," he'd warned his wife. "Oh, you'd stand for it, no doubt, when my back was turned. But just let me catch him here. Just once. There'll be *fun*!"

And fun there had been, on that far-away night of twenty years ago. When, with too much aboard, he'd been turned out of the Dun Cow and had staggered home to the cottage and listened at the door and heard the hated name and really gone off the deep-end.

Heard the hated name almost shouted in a loud exclamation. As he could almost hear it still, almost see himself at the cottage door, listening. A neighbour's voice it had been, surprised and shocked, no doubt, at finding the interloper there, like a cuckoo in the nest.

Yes, he could see it now, even though he had only heard it then. It did not, as the saying is, come back to him. It had never gone.

The stones, the shattered windows, his drunken fury, and what he had done to the Welshman's miserable little shop at the end of the village.

Fun!

Smile? Nay, he had laughed aloud at the memory, many a time.

What fun it had been, standing there and lashing out, smashing, smashing, smashing!

For ten minutes he had been a human tornado. The ten minutes out of his fifty years that had really been the only vivid part of his life. All the rest of it had been waste time, before and after.

And—oh, yes!—standing in the street shouting, "Filthy little Welshman!" before, drunk as a lord, he had staggered into the woodland and away from the village, never to come back again until now.

Only ten minutes. But it had been worth while enduring the rest of the fifty years to know those ten minutes of utter triumph. . . .

Others joined the little knot in the dim Market Square to wait for the 'bus to the village. They began to talk, one woman's voice louder than the rest.

He was wondering if his wife was still alive, if she still lived in the cottage, who had the Dun Cow now, when he found himself listening.

One woman's voice louder than the rest. . . .

"It'll be twenty years to-morrow."

"That's right, Mrs. Harty—twenty years to-morrow. So it will be," said a thinner voice. "A very strange affair it was."

"AVERY strange affair, indeed. You're right, my dear," agreed Mrs. Harty. "*Very* strange."

"What was behind it, d'you reckon? Of course, he was a very jealous man."

"Jealous? Jealous he was. You've said it. But it takes more than jealousy to account for that night. If you ask me, he wasn't right in his head."

"Mad?"

"Mad as a March hare. Too many trips up to the Dun Cow to be good for any man."

"Ah!"

He realised, with a tingle down his back, that they were talking about him. About him and It!

"And mind," Mrs. Harty went on, "there was never any cause for his jealousy."

"I never thought there was myself," said the thin voice.

"His wife was as nice a little woman as you could meet. But, of course, you see, the drink had gone to his head for good and he was in the habit of imagining things."

"Ah!"

He tingled afresh at this. Tingled and started. Never any cause for his jealousy? He frowned in the darkness as he said the words over to himself.

"You was, in a manner of speaking, in at the start of things, wasn't you?" asked the thin voice.

"In a manner of speaking, my dear, yes," admitted Mrs. Harty. "I was there at the cottage, you see, with his wife."

"You was?"

"She'd asked me round to give me some things for the youngsters. A good-hearted little woman she was, and with Christmas on the way—well, you know how it is. And Mary and Alfy and Joan were quite little then, and I don't mind admitting I needed the help."

"Well, naturally, my dear."

"She'd asked me round to see the bits of things. Second-hand, they were, but very welcome. She'd got a pair of little gloves. 'Mary's!' I said, as soon as I saw them, and she said yes, she reckoned I'd pick them for Mary. And then a little hat. 'Alfy's!' I said, as soon as I saw *that*. And she nodded. She knew."

"Ah!" said the thin voice.

"You see," said Mrs. Harty, "we weren't thinking about affairs or scandal or anything. Just a good turn for Christmas, which shows he was mad.

"OH, and then, yes, his wife picks up the sweetest little jade jacket you ever saw, and held it up. 'Joan's!' I cried out when I saw it, and she just laughed. 'I knew you'd want that for Joan,' she said. And, do you know, that's when it happened. Stones through the window—curses——"

"Dreadful!" said the thin voice.

"We thought the asylum had broken loose," declared Mrs. Harty. "Glass was flying all over the place, and we had to hide behind the sofa to save our lives. And, as you know, he went blind crazy up at the shop."

"It must have been terrible," sympathised the thin voice. "Mad, as you say; no two ways about it. And he never came back?"

"Nobody," said Mrs. Harty, "has set eyes on him from that day to this. Nor wants."

The 'bus came up, stopped. People moved forward, got on. The conductor looked down at him, but he saw neither conductor nor 'bus. A bell rang. The 'bus went on, leaving him there in the darkness.

In the darkness, but seeing, where once he had only heard. His wife holding up a little jade jacket, a smile on her face. And Mrs. Harty, that loud neighbour, an even greater smile on *her* face, exclaiming at the top of her voice. "Joan's!"

He stood there, quite alone, at the corner of the Market Square, swaying a little on his feet, muttering.

"'Joan's,'" he kept on saying, over and over again. "'Joan's.' 'Joan's.' My hat! And I thought she said *Jones*. . . ."

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story is used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

IN a letter to his father at Thorold Road, Ilford, London, Gunner G. C. Hummel tells a graphic story of the hard fighting before the Eighth Army marched triumphantly into Tripoli:

We arrived at the place which was to be our gun position and the fun started at once. Jerry was on the run, but he was putting up a fight.

Within half an hour we were given our first target—tanks! Fifteen minutes later we heard that our gunfire had chased them away. You must realise that gunners rarely see their target.

While at this position I had to go several times to the Observation Post, which was under direct fire from the enemy.

From this spot you could see the Germans quite clearly, for the greater part dashing round in tanks and armoured cars, about three miles outside our minefields.

One day I took my truck with some signallers to mend the O.P. line, which had been chewed up in several places by our tanks. Jerry saw us at work on this job, and threw over a few shells, so we dived for the slit trenches. Luckily, Jerry proved a bad marksman.

Several hectic days of hard fighting, and then at 4.30 one morning someone woke me up to say that we could go bathing in the sea if we liked.

Half an hour in the water and an hour sun-bathing, made new men of us.

Next day I had the job of taking our "skipper" through our mines and the enemy lines.

I asked the captain what he thought of our chance, at which he smiled and said "about fifty fifty"—to me, it didn't seem so amusing as all that, because there were German and Italians all over the place.

It was almost dark when we set off. We passed through our first minefield O.K. Then as we passed through the second some Jerry tanks opened up with tracers and other stuff—a proper firework display.

But we carried on, my "skipper" giving me a reading from his compass and the necessary corrections of direction every few minutes.

Later we ran into heavy machine-gun fire. "Get out of here quickly," said the boss—and we did, with bullets ricochetting all over the place.

Well, we did our job, and got through safely, but we had our moments of excitement.

BETTER THAN "FIVERS"

A surprise for the troops in Ceylon is described by Sapper G. W. Wickens in a letter to his wife at North Common, Chailey, Sussex:

At a party we were issued with thirty cigarettes each, and they had been sent to us by children in Blighty.

They had given their pennies at school and then bought cigarettes to send to the "boys" abroad. Each gift had the name of the school on a card, which we were asked to sign and return.

We were more pleased with these gifts than if they had been five-pound notes.

SURPRISE PARTY

There was another party in West Africa attended by some of the boys in the R.A.F. A.C.I W. Greener writes home to his family at Moat Avenue, Coventry:

We went out for a walk in the bush and came upon a small native village.

At our approach a native came up to us, but as he knew as much about our language as we did about his, conversation was a bit difficult.

However, we gathered that we were invited to a "do." Once inside the compound we were introduced to wives, children, hens and goats, who all seemed pleased to see us.

Later we seated ourselves in a circle of natives round a roaring fire. We sang "Boomps a Daisy," and within a few moments the natives were lustily joining in.

By the time we had reached "Coming Round the Mountain" the choir was terrific. Then they danced and we toasted each other in a potent but very pleasing native beverage.

A jolly evening!

HOCKEY-GOLF

Girls in the W.A.A.F. seem ready to tackle anything, as you'll see from A.C.W./2 M. Sharp's letter to her mother in London:

My pal 'phoned at 2 p.m. saying that she was playing hockey for the station; they were a girl short, and would I come at once, even though I had never played the game before.

Always anxious to oblige, I turned out in red pullover, navy skirt, long blue socks and plimsolls.

I had no idea of the rules, but plenty of enthusiasm. I just ran and tackled anybody who had the ball—wondering why the whistle blew every time I hit it.

It seems that I was making beautiful golf strokes, narrowly missing mowing down my opponents.

But it was all against the rules, I learned later!

At one point in the game the umpire was having hysterics, because my opponent was standing in the middle of the field telling me what to do!

Quite an enjoyable riot!—and a very friendly game, without any serious casualties.

A BIRTHDAY DATE

Posted as "Missing" at Singapore, Sgt. Cripps, after a period in hospital and "Elsewhere," has "turned up" in Ceylon, to the great relief of his parents at Roseland Road, Kenilworth, Warwickshire. He writes:

I have seen plenty of action, but I am as good as new again. Sorry that you were distressed by the report that I was "Missing"—I was for a time, but I did get through all right in the end.

Perhaps I shall be home in time for my birthday, which is Empire Day, you remember. You never can tell.

CHEERFUL P.O.W.

Although he has been a prisoner of war in a German prison camp for over two years, Trooper Morgan Daniels is still Welsh and still cheerful. He writes to his parents at Trettaford, near Pontypridd, South Wales:

My pal and I have now gone into serious training, consisting of shadow boxing, skipping and rounds of sparring.

To-night we went six three-minute rounds, and our wind was good. I'm not in championship class yet, but there is plenty of time—or isn't there!

We had a big show at Christmas—"Cinderella," and what a production! Then there was a concert. What talent we have!

DOWNING U-BOATS

Young A.B. G. Yearling, serving on H.M.S. ———, encounters excitement on convoy duty, and writes to his mother at Portland Terrace, Watchet, Somerset:

Here is the good news! A few days ago our ship helped in the destruction of two submarines.

There wasn't much to it really, for we were in convoy—us and a few other ships—when one of them spotted something and rushed to the place, dropping depth charges. We followed and did the same thing.

Oil soon came up to the surface, and it was pretty certain one more "Jerry" submarine had "gone below" for good.

Later the same thing happened with similar result—plenty of oil came up to the surface, but nothing else.

Nobody was picked up.

There was some jollification on the mess deck that night.

ORCHIDS

That the world is a small place was again proved by Sgt. W. Rawlings while in hospital in South Africa. He writes to his mother at Claremont Road, Salford:

Last Friday evening the staff sergeant came and told me that I was wanted on the 'phone by a Mr. Davies, who knew me in England.

You can imagine my surprise when I found that it was Harry Davies from Kew Gardens, London, from whom I took over the foremanship of the orchids section when he left Kew.

It had slipped my memory that he took a job at the Botanical Gardens, Cape Town.

He had been turned down by the Army on health grounds, but had got a job with the Y.M.C.A., a branch of which catered for the men in this hospital—hence his 'phone call.

He thought he might know. "Rawlings"—and he did!

Three Armoured Corps lads ride into Tripoli with the victory grin

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

TO those who think that a man is past his best at sixty, I would draw their attention to three of the world's greatest men—Mr. Winston Churchill, President Roosevelt, and Field-Marshal Smuts. All over sixty and going strong.—Arthur Houghton, Bridge Street, Garstang.

★ ★ ★

Valuable raw materials are sent to our firm from Belfast. We received a postcard from the road hauliers, saying: "Subject to the arrival of our steamer to-night," etc., etc. From the address on the postcard it would be a simple matter for an enemy agent to make unpleasant arrangements for the reception of this steamer.—W. Allen, Wellington, Somerset.

★ ★ ★

We younger females have a real grouse. If we join the Women's Junior Air Corps we have to pay for our uniforms and give up coupons—yet the lads who join the A.T.C. are supplied with free uniforms, and coupon-free. Why?—Miss C., Bristol.

★ ★ ★

Discharged from the Army after two years' service overseas, I applied to a local firm for a job. The manager's chief concern was the amount of my pension. He then offered me £2 a week, which I refused.—T. Roberts, Edinburgh.

SHOULD SHE WRITE HIM EVERY DAY?

By HUMANIST

A PROVERB has been defined as the wisdom of many and the wit of one. Nevertheless most proverbs are half-truths, and it is easy to find the other halves. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" can be matched with "Out of sight, out of mind."

During the last three years, I have had many complaints of men who neglect writing to their lonely wives, and similar complaints about wives who don't get their husbands. But here is a different subject:

"I am the wife of an A.A. Gunner," says the reader, "and have two children at school. Since the outbreak of war, when my husband was called up, we have corresponded every day without missing.

"Now one of my friends tells me I ought to be ashamed of myself for wasting paper and stamps in war time. I go out to work every day and never go even to a cinema to spend money. You see I can't leave the children in the house alone.

"Believe me, Humanist, it is a great pleasure to hear from my husband every day, and he also gets pleasure in receiving the letters from me. We only use one sheet of paper daily.

"Please tell me if you think I am being unpatriotic or ridiculous in acting like this after twelve years of married life. My friend thinks it is absurd."

In my opinion the friend is quite wrong. The writer of the letter is supporting the Government by buying as many postage stamps, and as for the paper, a sheet of paper is not wasted by being written upon. It can still be used as salvage.

But one rarely hears of such constancy of affection nowadays: two people married for a dozen years, writing to one another with the regularity of sweethearts.

Is it ridiculous behaviour? If other married couples acted in the same manner we should hear fewer stories of men and women forgetting their partners while they are separated.

HERE is a problem from another soldier's wife:

"I am thirty-five years of age," she writes, "and my boys are ten and fourteen years of age. My husband is abroad and I work fifty hours a week in a factory besides keeping my home going.

"When he was at home he used to take me out a lot. We regularly visited a little public-house in our village, and I enjoyed the half-hours we spent there. They were the only relaxation I got.

"But now my husband is away, he says he is very unhappy, and will continue to be so until he knows that I have stopped these little outings.

"He is very jealous by nature. I love him dearly, but in the circumstances I feel he is being unreasonable. Do you think I ought to give it up?"

It is obvious that the man is afraid of losing his wife's affection—afraid that she will become infatuated with some other man. No doubt he has been told stories of wives who are disloyal during the absence of their menfolk.

Jealousy cannot be cured by arguing about it. The instinct is deep-rooted and active: it creates fears and suspicions; it imagines all sorts of evil things to torment itself.

It is quite unreasonable. What the husband needs is an absolute assurance that no one will ever take his place. If he gets that he need not worry any more.

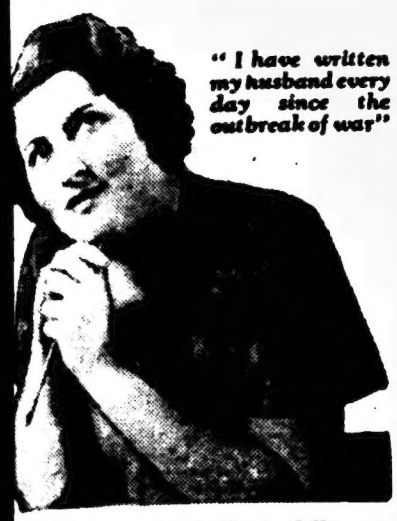
★ If you are in do... Humanist, at 93, ...ondon, W.C.2. Y... ...eive a guinea if y... ...quoted on this page ... course, giving yo...

...jealous man would l... ...ental custom and ke... the sight of other ...glish woman will not ...d of supervision. ...The man has to all... ...rgin of freedom and ...is the only satisfacto... ...O doubt this situat... ...young woman s... ...experienced by ma... "I am very puzzle... ...writes. "He is in ...ites the most wonderf... "Yet when he gets le... ...mb that I am d... ...nehow cannot let him ...w much he cares. "Do you think that h... ...ewever we meet, and ...t so good as the girl I ... "If so, don't you think ... admit the truth an... ...ak while we are still ... That explanation m... ...urse, but in my exper... ...ndreds of young men ... just that way. ...They can express the... ...g—their real "selves" ... when they are face ... ...ll herself they can't ... ...rrier of reticence w... ...glish people erect aro... ...They are shy of emoti... ...ey need to be encou... ...ir true selves, and I ... ...d that she can help h... ...this. ...The real man is the ...se love-letters. The ... escape from his pa... ...jure up the necessary

YOUR SECON...

WHEN the great ... immense reserves ... needed to sustain it. ...These reserves can ...med if every one of ...ont practises every p... ...at will save shipping ...One contribution we ...wards sustaining the ...uble our salvage effo... ...For Salvage Saves Sh... ...Paper, rubber, metals ...cded as raw mat... ...apons of war. ...The more we can s... ...ores, the less we shall ...wer imports means ...ace. And that extr... ...ed to transport nec... ...ining our vast new ...art of the enemy. ...And who knows, it m... ...ra bit that tips th... ...ctory?

★ If you are in doubt write to Humanist, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).



"I have written my husband every day since the outbreak of war"

A jealous man would like to follow an ental custom and keep his wife out the sight of other men; but an glish woman will not submit to that d of supervision.

he man has to allow her a wide rgin of freedom and then trust her. is the only satisfactory solution.

O doubt this situation on which a young woman seeks advice is experienced by many.

"I am very puzzled by my *fiancé*," *writes.* "He is in the Army and ites the most wonderful love letters. Yet when he gets leave he seems so mb that I am disappointed. He uchow cannot let himself go and say w much he cares.

Do you think that he is disillusioned ncever we meet, and finds that I am t so good as the girl he imagined? If so, don't you think it would be best admit the truth and make a clean eak while we are still free?"

That explanation may be true, of urse, but in my experience there are ndreds of young men who are dumb just that way.

hey can express themselves in writ—their real "selves" emerge then—when they are face to face with the l herself they can't break down the rrier of reticence which so many glish people erect around themselves. hey are shy of emotions: that is all. ey need to be encouraged to realise ir true selves, and I suggest to the l that she can help her own *fiancé* to this.

The real man is the one who writes se love-letters. The other is longing escape from his prison, but can't jure up the necessary courage.

YOUR SECOND FRONT

HEN the great offensive starts immense reserves of shipping will needed to sustain it.

These reserves can only be mained if every one of us on the Home ont practises every possible economy at will save shipping space.

One contribution we can all make wards sustaining the offensive is to uble our salvage effort.

For Salvage Saves Shipping!

Paper, rubber, metals of all kinds are eded as raw materials for the apons of war.

The more we can save within our ores, the less we shall have to import. wer imports means more shipping ace. And that extra space can be ed to transport necessities for sustining our vast new thrusts at the art of the enemy.

And who knows, it may be that little tra bit that tips the scale towards ctory?

How Officers are Picked To-day

★ A JOHN BULL man has just spent three days in the new anti-room to commissioned rank in the Army—the experiment of having candidates to live in close contact with the selectors for these vital days instead of being chosen by the old form of interview.

RANGING from sergeant-majors to privates, the candidates for Commissions were typical citizen soldiers.

Not long ago they'd have appeared for a brief ten minutes before an old-style board: on that short acquaintance judged fit or unfit for O.C.T.U. training to command men.

Now they're in for three eleven-hour days of it, crowded with searching subjective and objective tests of "the inner and outer man," living in closest contact with their examiners.

Selected or rejected, they will depart satisfied that the Army has fairly done its utmost to find the best leaders among them. So much so that nearly 100 per cent. of those passed will graduate through the O.C.T.U. as officers.

As we gathered in the mansion's luxurious lounge (the candidates' mess), No. 6 Board's President, a progressively minded Staff College "Sapper" Colonel still in his mid-forties, at once put us at our ease.

His first aim was to break down all tension and make us feel a happy family party.

Fireside Chat

Informally, he stood on the fire-curb in bidding us welcome, many of us squatting cross-legged on the floor.

"We'll know you here by numbers, not names," he said. "There'll be no ranks among you. You'll all be treated as officers. We'll all take meals together.

"We've no *Gestapo* here; no microphones in your rooms! So just be yourselves.

"We've no 'old school tie' bias. Every man has the same chance. Public and elementary schoolboys each have something the other hasn't got. We want to find out what it is so that we can help you.

"We want to promote you if we can. We need leaders. The dice is weighted in the candidate's favour."

We learned that the Board consisted of the President, his Deputy (a colonel who had devised some of this board's tests), three Military Testing Officers, the medical psychiatrist, a lay psychologist, and a visiting member (a commander from a field unit).

The final pass or fail, and grading, would be based on their several opinions, all formed independently.

President and Deputy each took thirty candidates under their wing. Each M.T.O. took twenty, split into groups of ten. Only where the psychiatrist's view was considered helpful were candidates referred to him.

I was attached as eleventh man to a group of ten for the outdoor military tests, and I soon saw these were a revolution in examination.

They put basic intelligence as the first essential quality of leadership.

A capacity to think and observe quickly, best described in that four-letter word *nous*!

No Tricks

There were no smart tricks or catches. No chance for cramming or swotting.

"Spontaneous situations first," said our M.T.O. "I want any one of you to imagine a military situation you ten men can tackle, make a plan, put it into action."

'Not in minutes, but seconds!

In forty-one seconds the first leader invented, out of the blue, an enemy attack, devised his plan to meet it, and was shouting his orders.

Taking command, he put his plan into operation as if doing the real thing on the battlefield.

Seven men in turn devised situations and plans and enacted them. Sometimes, varying or changing a plan, someone else took over from the original leader.

Three men hung back. One was so strung-up that his face twitched nervously. How to "bring out" him and the other two?

An incident was devised to help them: five men being designated "looters," and the other five told to arrest them.

A bit of rough-and-tumble horseplay resulted, with everyone laughing and relaxing.

The effect was magical. The nervous man immediately led with the next situation, and another laggard followed up.

Leadership Flashes

Imagined by the men themselves, these unset situations are of endless variety. Constantly some plan is unsound, something goes wrong, something is forgotten. Whose quick intelligence spots it?

One by one are revealed flashes of leadership and command, imagination, common-sense, planning ability, strength of personality, enthusiasm, alertness.

If a future candidate hasn't these qualities it won't help him to read of them here. Still less if he learns of the tests in detail from his pals. He'll get his mind made up; fumble on finding things aren't working out that way.

Fluidity is the essence of these tests. Basic ones are much the same; but others develop individually as a man's qualities, especially his weaknesses, show themselves.

Our group is next confronted with Practical Situations. With the aid of a few "props" such as might be found on the battlefield, a barbed electric fence, then a 12-ft. wide minefield, are crossed without being touched.

Some physical fitness is demanded, but the probe is for the sharp eye of native intelligence that best serves the leader with men's lives in his hands in a tight corner.

The probe demands speed, but not the perilous haste of impetuosity. Seconds matter, but the extra one well spent in thought or observation isn't lost in the end.

Commando Raid

Those who heeded this scored in the semi-controlled Narrative Situation—a Commando raid on a wireless station, after overcoming a sentry, in search of a box containing a secret radio device.

The *thinkers* got the marks.

So did others in the Individual Situation, where a man suddenly faced simultaneously with an enemy patrol and a burning house had to act swiftly before the enemy were on top of him.

Going over an Ingenuity Course (crossing a broken bridge, scenting a track, negotiating another minefield) called for several qualities other than "from the book" knowledge.

Same with an original tug-of-war, when a rope was a "front line" with two ten-men teams facing each other from either side of it.

Each team concocted a plan, and by frontal and flank attacks pushed or pulled the rope forward to force it over an object representing a town in the other's rear. So simple that not one man of the twenty observed the little thing that won the big mark!

The Army's new examiners (who themselves are appointed on similar principles) are down to bedrock intelligence in these basic tests. Incapacity of many men to grasp their novelty was itself self-revealing.

How I sat for the psychologist's intelligence tests, attended personal interviews by the President, Deputy President, and the psychiatrist as the candidates had no objection, and finally heard men fought for and against when the board reached its fateful judgments I will tell in another article.

Physical fitness counts for a great deal, but there is an even more intensive probe for the quick thinkers

TALKING-AT-YOU

TALKING-AT-YOU is just about the meanest thing that folk can do; it's a sort of anonymous conversation to which they daren't sign their own view. It provides ample scope for spitefulness, and each sentence is full of stings, for every word is set to fly at your heart with poison in its wings.

THESE Talkers-at-you watch the effect as they go from height to height, secretly exulting in your uncomfortable mental plight. They dig deeper and ever deeper into your very soul, for they play on a field to which they've no right, and they cheat for every goal.

THEY even smile and ask your advice, so low do these people stoop, hoping you'll give something more away upon which they can greedily swoop. They make cruel accusations while they watch your reactions with care; it's an intimate minor third-degree beneath a friendly air.

BUT talking-at-people has one big snag, it proceeds at too easy a pace, and the Talkers forget the expression that is telling it's tale on their face; in the triumph of driving home all the things that they want to say. So these Talkers-at-folk by their own success give themselves away.

J. M.

BRAKE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

A simple backward pressure with the foot will stop you SAFELY in a second.

With a PERRY COASTER HUB you'll ride EASILY . . . with both hands free for steering or signalling. No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY
OF CHAIN LANE
COASTER HUB
FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or factor.

for natural pedalling

What do I do...

when writing to a prisoner of war in Germany or Italy?

I use the special prisoner-of-war air letter cards sold at post-offices because these cards give the prisoner the best possible chance of receiving news from home quickly.

I do not send more than one communication each week because unlimited use of the letter service would lead to delay in the enemy censorship and an adverse effect on the service generally.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

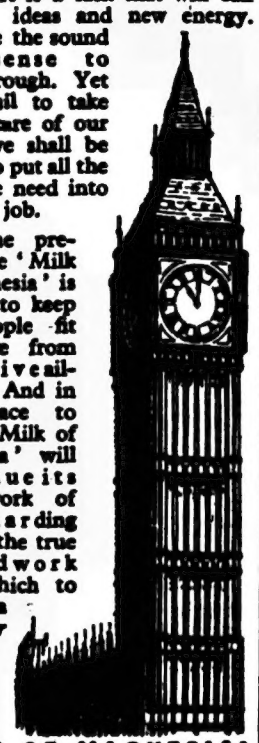
serve the cause of VICTORY on cold jobs

HAVE SOME Victory-V GUMS AND LOZENGES

...when chimes the Victory hour...

. . . we shall have another job of work to tackle — winning the peace. It is a task that will call for new ideas and new energy. We have the sound good sense to see it through. Yet if we fail to take proper care of our health we shall be unable to put all the effort we need into this vital job.

At the present time 'Milk of Magnesia' is helping to keep the people fit and free from digestive ailments. And in the Peace to follow, 'Milk of Magnesia' will continue its good work of safeguarding health—the true groundwork upon which to build a *better* Britain.



'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

COLDS & 'FLU

Cephos

Sold everywhere in tablets or powder form 1/9 & 2/-. DOUBLE DOSE 2/6.

LAST LAUGH

R. M. (Colchester).—"The use of glass for money is being studied." As yet, however, any impecunious citizen who puts his monocle in a slot meter will get into trouble with the gas company.

S. S. (Sunderland).—"A man, when he joins the Army, is no longer a man, he is just a number." And, judging by the sergeants' rhetoric, a back number at that.

Mrs. M. (Bow).—"She called me 'Pig.' So I said to her 'Duck,' as the saying is, turning the cheek." You mean returning the cheek, don't you?

C. S. (London).—"I am the secretary of a big financial concern, but, personally, I have never been able to keep cash." But you have been able to keep minutes.

Fred (Bromley).—"For a month now I have been sleeping on a sofa, but feel no worse for it up to now." Sofa so good.

P. J. (Stoke).—"The wife suddenly lunged at me with the poker. What her idea was I couldn't ascertain from her." She wanted to stir you up.

Ninety-five (Bristol).—"I have no use for saintly old lads. I freely confess that I have sinned more than most." But you have lived longer than most, you old braggart.

L. J. (Leeds).—"Hitler has never experienced the same sufferings as the German soldiers." No—now they're freezing, we bet he's pouring with sweat.

N. D (Hull).—"I own the most up-to-date 'cobble while you wait' shop in town." Ah, it has been fitted with camp-beds?

Mrs. D. (Maidstone).—"Although I am doing war work my husband was furious when I put on dungarees." See letter below.

F. D (Maidstone).—"After using all my clothes coupons my wife has just collared my last new pair of dungarees." See letter above.

M. E. (Doncaster).—"I am a comedian in a small way, but I'm always hoping for something better." Just like your audiences?

T. W. (Beith).—"Owing to my superior education I have obtained a Government post, and I fit very nicely into it." Yes, even the new Utility chairs can be very comfortable.

C. P. (Ayr).—"Can you think of anything more aggravating than waiting an hour for a 'bus?" Yes—walking for two hours when there is no 'bus.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Who the 'ell's this bloke, chum? Looks like the man's come about the better world"

Side-Slips

Daily Express:—"Elmer, lean and with an engineer's determined lack of enthusiasm. . . ."

S. Wales Evening Post:—". . . she must be confronted with a resolute enemy in the nest. . . ."

Daily Dispatch:—". . . He calmly directed operations amid a hail of death from Hitler's air fleets and massed guns that rocked the very earth. . . ."

Oxford Mail:—". . . in their series of stage and film farces they have never had a wrong world. . . ."

Daily Sketch:—". . . the only damage we suffered being several flat holes in the wings and tail 'plane."

Leicester Evening Mail:—". . . but women who don't like a little mouse are being granted exchanges."

GREATEST OF THESE

● This bonny little girl's father lies buried nine miles from Arras; he was killed in action at Dunkirk.

Her mother, who has just recovered from bronchitis, is left with two other children under eleven to feed and clothe on her pension of 47s. 6d. a week. Two of the children are continually ailing, and rent and insurance claim 17s. of her pension. It will be obvious to readers that Mrs. Todhunter needs financial assistance in order to obtain food and medicaments prescribed by the doctor to enable her children to regain their health.

The family are also in urgent need of warm clothing and bedding.

The rector of the parish in which this applicant lives assures us that this is a most deserving case.

Will you send something to help her? Donations, earmarked "Mary," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the John Bull War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send us donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny received being passed to those in need.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,304

H. Harrison, 34, Celeste Terrace, Leeds, for this "Bullet":—

Mystery Man Without An "Illusion," Stalin.

£20: T. Hay, 66, Brunswick St., Edinburgh. Reconstruction's Ship—Under Way? Under Paperweight!

£10: E. A. Grogan, 349, Forton Rd., Gosport. In Partnership—Mouse? In Partner's Grip!

£5: Mrs. Ross, 122, Balmoral Rd., Gillingham. The Way Out—Of Mars' "Embrace"—*Loving.*

£4: R. L. M. Sambrook, 182, Lichfield Rd., Bootwich. Britain And Co.—Going Smash? Going! Smashing!

DOUBLED FIRSTS

SEE OFFER NEXT PAGE

£5: J. M. Cole, 11, Lyddesdale Ave., Cleveleys. Best Answer—To Hitler, Duly Unconvinced.

£2: H. Rose, 21, Dumpton Park Rd., Ramsgate. For The Axis—Second Wind—Or Front?

£2s.: Mrs. J. M. Tyson, 55, Lowis Rd., Welling, Kent. Fence Terms—"They Will Be Executed."

£2s.: G. Edmonds, The Royal Oak Hotel, West St., Wigton, Cumberland. If We're Not Inquisitive—"Complacent"—If Critical, "Alarmist"!

£2s.: G. Clark, White Moss T.S.O., Manchester. For The Axis—Moscow's Only "Besieg" *Drawl*

£2s.: G. R. Jennings, 19, Tyne Rd. East, South Stanley. Gone With The Wind—Friend That Stood Winfield.

£2s.: W. B. Cross, Red Tiles, Chipstead Rd., Banstead. Mystery Man—After Dunning Austin's Reducers!

A list of 25 Winners of £2s.s can be seen at their offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

9 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 316

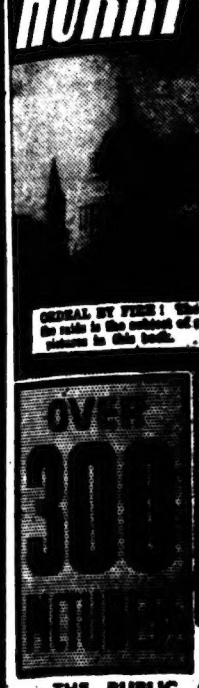
Winning Words: 1. Trusting. 2. Solved. 3. Rich. 4. Rasp. 5. Pity. 6. Pied. 7. Portion. 8. Boots. 9. Ink. 10. Salty. 11. Ramp. 12. Pub. 13. Sled. 14. Sampler.

£100 Sharers: Lieut. W. Baker, Somewhere in Britain; R. H. Barton, Spot Beam, New Milton, Hants; J. Leyboorne, 9, Short Row, High Spen, Durham; Mrs. R. Lister, 64, Karslake Rd., Liverpool; Mrs. E. Hopkinson, 16, Woodside Park, S.E.25; R. Hopkinson, 16, Woodside Park, S.E.25; W. Rhind, 15, Dene Rd., Bo'ness, W. Lothian; T. H. Sendy, Hillsands, Ducky Drive, Paignton; G. Sweeney, 6, Leith Ave., Portchester.

Runners-up Awards, value £25, shared between 15 entrants.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT WARTIME E

HURRY-APPL



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"JOHN BULL'S" Great New Bo
success that it must soon be with
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Every memory, ev
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from that fateful
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Civil Defence, W
and the Citizens'
conflict are all
described in deta

LOOK!

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It's only fair you sh

FAMILY SOAP

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JOHN BULL'S GREAT WARTIME BOOK SERVICE TO READERS

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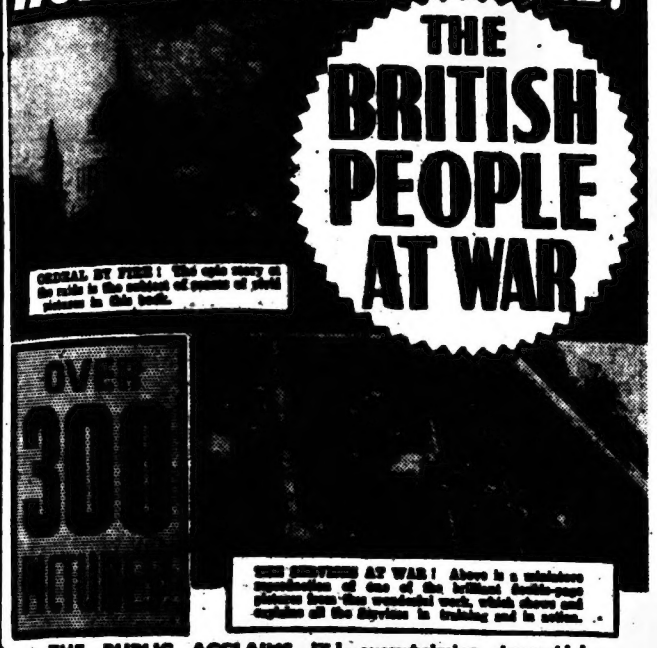
THE BRITISH PEOPLE AT WAR



ORIGINAL BY FIRE! This epic story of the raids is the richest of scores of vivid pictures in this book.

THEIR SERVICES AT WAR! Above is a miniature reproduction of one of the brilliant double-page pictures from this wonderful work, which shows and explains all the Services in training and in action.

THE PUBLIC ACCLAIMS IT!—overwhelming demand!!—"JOHN BULL'S" Great New Book Offer is such a phenomenal success that it must soon be withdrawn. So HURRY! "THE BRITISH PEOPLE AT WAR"! OVER 300 WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPHS, 256 PAGES, AND A GRAPHIC 14,000-WORD NARRATIVE. REMEMBER!—"first come, first served"—supplies strictly limited. You must post Order-Label below, with your Remittance, IMMEDIATELY!

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Every memory, every dramatic event in the life of the people from that fateful morning is recorded in the pictures of this wonderful work. Service men and women, Home Guards, Civil Defence, War-Workers and the Citizens' part in the conflict are all shown and described in detail.

LOOK AT THE CONTENTS!

THE FIRST SIREN!—Balloons and Blackout!—Rationing!—Dunkirk!—BRITAIN STANDS ALONE!—THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN!—Raids Begin!—BRITAIN TAKES TO THE SHELTERS!—The R.A.F. Strikes Back!—The Navy's Ceaseless Vigil!—The Home Front!—Hosts Attack Cathedral Cities! Etc., etc.

For the **STANDARD EDITION**, bound in Blue Bookcloth, embossed in Gold, send only **5/3d.**, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. For the **DE LUXE EDITION**, bound in Superb Maroon Art Leathercloth, embossed in real Gold, send only **6/3d.**, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW! Fill in Order-Label, Mark Edition required and post with P.O. for the amount to: ODHAMS PRESS LTD., "BRITISH PEOPLE AT WAR," BOOK DEPT. J.T.2, KINGS LANGLEY, HERTS. Make P.O. Payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross /& Co./. Offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be stated on the Label.

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It's only fair you should get your share!

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

2d. PER TABLET (1 coupon)

Protects as it cleans

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, S.E.16

Recovering from Sciatica —thanks to Fynnon Salt

"When I think of all I have suffered," writes Mrs. J. G. McD., *"I cannot praise Fynnon Salt enough. I have been a sufferer from sciatica and hardly able to walk about. I tried almost everything without results. I saw the Fynnon advertisement in the papers, and as a last resort I thought I would try Fynnon Salt. I am now on the second tin, and thanks to the same, I am well on the way to recovery."*

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the blood-stream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body the toxins which contribute to rheumatism and sciatica. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax.* Get yourself a tin today!

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex.

I will certainly recommend Phosferine

promises Mrs. B. A. P.

"My sister recommended Phosferine to me and I certainly feel a lot better in health. I was very run down. I will certainly recommend Phosferine, especially in the case of nervous debility. My husband, who is studying for a special exam., is also taking Phosferine."
(Sgd.) Mrs. B. A. P.

The immediate effects of this really great tonic are invaluable—hastening the return to good health. Ask a chemist for Phosferine today.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)

(Including Purchase Tax)

2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

LAST WEEKS of DOUBLED PRIZES

£200 RUNNERS-UP SHARE AWARDS VALUE £25 *WORD DOUBLE 1st ENTER TODAY!

Xword No. 316 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry Column.	3d. Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d.	3d.	3d.
1 DOGS COMMONLY HAVE HABIT OF CHEWING UP ANY KINDS OF	S R A P			
2 THESE OF BICYCLES ARE INFLATED	V A L E S			
3 IS MOVED BY PASSION AND VIOLENCE	U R Y			
4 YOU MAY LAUGH AT THIS AFTERWARDS	S K I			
5 ISN'T LIKELY TO HOLD UP AN ARMY'S ADVANCE	R I N			
6 ACTORS LIKE TO BE GIVEN FAT ONE BY MANAGEMENT	R O L			
7 SLIMY ONE IS PARTICULARLY DANGEROUS	S A M P			
8 MAY SOMETIMES CUT LIKE A KNIFE	S H A E			
9 LOSS OF THIS IS OCCASIONALLY ATTRIBUTED TO BAD WEATHER	U P			
10 OF GREAT ASSISTANCE WHEN EXCAVATING FOR METAL	S O P E			
11 SOURCE OF CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE TO FISHERMEN	S E A			
12 GETTING THIS WHEN WANTED IS PURELY A MATTER OF LUCK	S I E			
13 CARD THAT OFTEN TURNS UP AT WORST POSSIBLE MOMENT	T R M P			
14 LETTERS WILL ALWAYS BE FOUND IN PARTICULAR SORT OF TIME	R C K			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated April 16.

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK
No. .....MONDAY, MAR. 29.
Signed .....
Address.....
320

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated April 17, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

INCREASED BULLETS' CASH & CAKES!

£250 DOUBLED 1st PRIZE **£100** OTHER AWARDS £20·£10·£5 [4] [3] [2] [1] [1] [1] 1000 NO BLANKS 25 BIG 4lb FRUIT CAKES

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, April 9.

WINGS FOR VICTORY
HITLER'S WEAKNESS
MONTHS OF PLANNING
YOUTH OF BRITAIN
HIT HOME
A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING
IT'S OUR SAVINGS WEEK, SO
WIFEY'S WONDERFUL, BUT
THE RIGHT PEOPLE
ASKING A LOT
INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH
MAN WHO PAYS THE BILL
LOOKING AFTER BABY
ROUND THE CLOCK
BEHIND THE SCENES
BETTER THAN NOTHING
SILENCED THE SCEPTICS
JUST DAD'S LUCK
THRICE ARMED IS HE WHO
AT OUR CANTEEN CONCERT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" as usual.

STOP THAT.....AND
NEXT TO.....
WITH A LITTLE.....
JUST AS.....
DOES FOR.....
THE OLD, OLD .....

BULLETS 1,364 RESULT appears on page 14.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated April 16.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Monday, Mar. 29. 1,363

Signed.....
Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,363—or Xword No. 316, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

PEARL

ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

SIR GEORGE TILLEY, F.C.I.I., President and Chairman.

SERVICE DURING 1942

Claims paid, mainly at the homes of the people, over **£188,000** per week

Security for future claim payments increased by **£6,031,350**

to make total funds **£123,280,190**

Total Income - £21,736,705

BONUSES In the Ordinary Branch a bonus of £1 per £100 assured was declared on policies entitled to participate in full profits that become claims by death or maturity during 1943.

In the Industrial Branch a bonus has been declared on policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1936, that become claims by death or maturity during 1943. Up to date a total sum of over £7,180,000 has been allocated for bonuses to policyholders in this Branch. The bonus for 1940 and 1941 in both Branches is continued unchanged for claims during 1943.

Over 4,800 members of Staff on War Service.

NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE

Our Agents acting for the National Amalgamated Approved Society made 1,232,163 benefit payments totalling £980,236 at members' homes.

Ten plain facts about

VD

Venereal Diseases

"It is very important under present conditions that the public should know of the existence of venereal diseases; their prevalence in war-time; how they are caused; the urgent necessity for early treatment; and where advice and treatment can be obtained."—THE MINISTER OF HEALTH.

1. Venereal Diseases have increased since the war and are still increasing; 70,000 new cases are now occurring yearly among civilians alone. Venereal diseases cause much misery. They bring tragedy into many homes, and considerably damage our war effort by causing reduced efficiency and wasted hours.

2. Ignorance and secrecy are highly dangerous. Only from a plain and frank statement of the facts can we all know what these diseases are, how they are spread, how they can be avoided and how and where they can be cured.

3. The two principal venereal diseases are syphilis and gonorrhœa. They are caused by quite different living organisms or germs.

4. Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. If not treated early and thoroughly by a doctor it can cause serious mutilation, heart disease, paralysis, and insanity. Syphilis can be passed on to an unborn child from its mother and (unless skilled treatment is given early in pregnancy) is one of the causes of blindness, deafness, and mental defects.

5. Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous to life, is more serious than is generally believed, and is one of the causes of arthritis, sterility, and chronic ill-health.

6. Syphilis and gonorrhœa are almost always contracted through intercourse with an infected person. The germs of these diseases quickly die outside the human body. In practice, therefore, there is no need to fear their spread by accidental infection.

7. Professional prostitutes are not the only source of infection. Any free-and-easy sex behaviour must mean a risk of infection and cannot be made safe. Clean living is the only way to escape infection—abstinence is not harmful.

8. Venereal diseases can be cured if treated *early* by a specialist doctor. Advice and treatment are available at the clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils for the purpose. Treatment is free, confidential and *effective*. Any family doctor or Medical Officer of Health will give the address of the nearest clinic. Quack treatment or self-treatment is absolutely useless and may even be disastrous.

9. Disappearance of the early symptoms does not necessarily mean that the patient has been cured. It is essential to continue the treatment until the doctor says it may be stopped.

10. Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect infection should seek medical treatment AT ONCE. A doctor or clinic should be consulted immediately about any suspicious sore or unusual discharge. It may not be venereal disease, but it is best to be sure.

These are the signs The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer. It appears from 10 to 90 days after infection; usually about three weeks. Gonorrhœa first shows itself as a discharge which usually appears from 2 to 10 days after infection.

Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the local Health Department, or from the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. (Phone: Euston 3341).

Issued by The Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education

(V.D.I-30)

I MUST STATE ONCE AGAIN

That I find Yeast-Vite of Inestimable Value

Rayleigh,

Dear Sirs, January 11th, 1943.

I must state once again that I find Yeast-Vite tablets of inestimable value in the relief of nervous strain and all nervous disorders. I would not be without them.

(Sgd.) E. S.

I RECOMMEND THEM

Woodford,

Dear Sirs, January 18th, 1943.

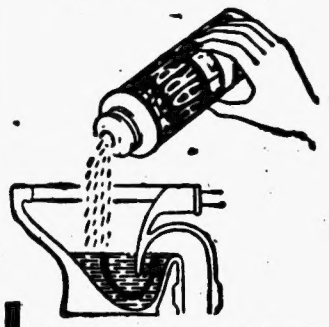
I cannot speak highly enough of Yeast-Vite tablets and I recommend them whenever I can.

Five years ago I had a serious breakdown following Influenza, since when I have always taken Yeast-Vite tablets, as I find there is nothing to equal them for giving health and a good night's rest. I find they do everything which is advertised.

(Sgd.) L. H.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets are sold everywhere, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle, including Purchase Tax. Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

How to clean the lavatory



1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.

2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see, as well.

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration—effectively cleans, disinfects, and deodorises the whole pan.

Harpic is easy to use and effective. Sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white.

HARPIC

STOP!

DON'T USE PRECIOUS FUEL FOR BOILING CLOTHES!

BUT you say you *must* boil to get your washing really clean?

You need't do any such thing! You can get a brilliantly clean line of washing without it. It's just wasting precious fuel that you may need for heating your rooms.

Do try the new method outlined here. It comes from the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories and it's been specially worked out to meet wartime needs.

It takes less water and less Rinso than you've been accustomed to using—actually half the amount of water and two-thirds the amount of Rinso. Have the water just slightly hotter than your hand can bear.

Sufficient Suds

Make your lather and let it be sufficient to cover the clothes when well pressed down. After a 12-minute soak, a wash-through and a couple of rinses the clothes are ready to hang out—beautifully clean. For specially dirty places, damp first and smooth in a little dry Rinso to form a paste. Then soak.

This less-water, no-boil method saves your soap coupons as well as your fuel. And you save time and money. Try it next washday!

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet—1 coupon. 7d. packet—2 coupons.

Fuel-saving washday routine*

1. Run off half your usual amount of water—it should be hot, but not boiling.
2. Sprinkle in two-thirds the usual amount of Rinso (war-time rule: two-thirds of a tablespoon of Rinso to half a gallon of water). Whisk up.
3. Put whites in first. (Suds should cover clothes when well pressed down.)
4. Soak for 12 minutes, then wash through and rinse well. No boiling! *Same with coloureds—use same suds.*

**Saving in coal: 9 lbs., or half a bucketful. Saving in gas: 40 cubic feet of gas.*

←— See column on left.

B3165-110 R. S. Hudson Limited

FUEL COMMUNIQUE

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

FUEL PROFICIENCY TEST

Are you a really proficient fighter in the Battle for Fuel, or are you still untrained? Here's a simple test that will help you to check your progress.

HOW MANY FUEL FAULTS?

Your answers should have been

1 Kettle should not be left boiling.
2 Kettle should be on small ring.
3 Do not use the grill for melting butter.
4 Ring not in use should not be alight.
5 Oven should only be used for several dishes.

If you are a really seasoned fighter you will have spotted five fuel faults in the picture. And now, whether you get full marks or not, just check up that all these economies are in force in your kitchen.

NO ECONOMY IS TOO SMALL TO COUNT

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power

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